

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
1. A Day at the Dead Sea. By Miss Cobbe,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , 483
2. Aesthetic Delusions,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 494
3. A Prince in Search of a Wife,	<i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , 497
4. The British Suttee,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 503
5. Mr. Story's "Rome,"	<i>London Review</i> , 505
6. The Two Worlds in the Moon,	<i>Spectator</i> , 508
7. Senior's Biographical Sketches,	<i>Examiner</i> , 511
8. Epigrams, Ancient and Modern,	<i>Spectator</i> , 516
9. The President's Reply to the Manchester Working Men,	518
10. American Contribution to English Manufacturers,	518
11. Congress protests against European Interference,	519
12. Scene in the Legislature of Illinois,	521
13. Tone of the French Ministry alarming to Europe,	<i>Economist</i> , 523
14. The Last Imperial Plan: Mexico and its Consequences,	<i>Spectator</i> , 525

POETRY.—The Emigrant Girl, 482. Lines, 515. The Color Sergeant, 528. The River of Time, 528. Hope, 528.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Palmerston Puzzled, 482. Freezing to Death, 507. A Prophecy in Jest, 510. Medicine, 510. Chiffonnier, 515. Samaritan Pentateuch and Chronicon, 522. The Intellectual Capacity of Twins, 522. St. Cecilia, the Patroness of Music, 527.

As soon as we can get the new composing-room in order, we hope to gain the time lost while making the change.

NEW BOOKS.

THE REBELLION RECORD: a Diary of American Events 1860-62. Edited by Frank Moore, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. Part 27 contains portraits of General Lewis Wallace and Commander Charles Boggs, of the late "Verona." We are glad to hear that Mr. Moore has been engaged to make a collection of documents upon the Rebellion, for the Library of Congress. It will be of great value.

NORTHERN INTERESTS AND SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE: a Plea for United Action. By Charles J. Stille. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

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THE EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY MRS. ALFRED MUNSTER.

To each well-remembered corner she bade a last farewell,
 As she left the quiet cottage where she never more should dwell ;
 She wept beside the smoke-stained hearth, now desolate and cold,
 Where the dead and distant gathered in the happy days of old ;
 But she wept and lingered longer than in all the rest beside
 In the still, deserted chamber where her gentle mother died.

She went forth in the sunshine that was streaming over all,
 And she plucked a spray of ivy from the gray and mossy wall ;
 The robin poured his liquid song from where, beneath the eaves,
 His tiny nest was hidden in the shining ivy leaves,
 And she said, " Ah, thou wilt still be here, for years and years to come,
 But I must go forever from my childhood's happy home."

She looked up to the mountains, the " everlasting hills,"
 She heard the sighing of their heath, the rushing of their rills,
 She saw the rowan berries bend their coral clusters down,
 And the wild and lonely moorland stretch onward bare and brown,
 And tears rushed to her aching eyes, tears from the heart's deep springs,
 For the hills and moors and rowans were to her familiar things.

She had grown up in their shadows ; many a long bright summer day
 Had she rambled with her brothers through the glens that 'mid them lay ;
 Well she knew the rocky hollows where the purple foxglove bloomed,
 And the scenting tufts of the wild thyme the brooding air perfumed ;
 Well she knew the grassy dingles where the fairy-flax grew best,
 And the plumelike ferns beneath the thorns that hid the linnet's nest.

She gazed upon the river that rolled gleaming in the sun,
 And too faithfully her heart recalled the false and faithless one
 Who had told his love beside it, where the dark green alders grow,
 In the stillness of an autumn eve, now long and long ago,
 For his faith was hers no longer, and by that very tide
 Where his troth to her was plighted, dwelt he with another bride.

She turned from the bright waters, for her sore heart could not brook
 Upon one low roof peeping through the clustered trees to look,

For his words were unforgotten, still she seemed their tones to hear,
 And in the dreams of night and day he breathed them in her ear,
 Yet she knew he was another's, and that she to him was naught,
 And her bitter parting sorrow was more bitter for the thought.

She sought the quiet churchyard where her mother's ashes slept,
 And on the low and daisied mound in agony she wept :
 " Mother! mother! 'tis the last time that I shall kneel to pray
 Beside your grave; your darling is going far away,
 And my dust shall never mingle with hers who gave me birth—
 I must perish among strangers, and be laid in alien earth."

She culled the honeysuckles that put their red lips forth,
 And gathered from the little mound a sod of grassy earth :
 " 'Twill be with me in the storm upon the wild Atlantic wave,
 'Twill be with me in the coffin when they lay me in the grave."
 She pressed her lips upon the grave where all that loved her lay,
 And then to face a strange new world the orphan turned away.

She shall dwell among strange people, she shall see the mighty woods,
 And the grand majestic rivers, with their broad and foaming floods,
 But the valley and the rowans and the fields of yellow corn,
 And the mountain shadows resting on the cot where she was born,
 Shall be with her in her musings, at morn and noon and eve,
 And she ne'er can love her distant home like that she now must leave.

By the golden light of memory, the dreams of the old time
 Shall dim the real things of life in that far distant clime ;
 Old friends, old haunts, and, more than all, the first love dead and gone,
 Whate'er may be her future fate, shall stand apart alone,—
 The maple groves shall echo to the old immortal songs,
 That music which to Ireland's soil and Irish hearts belongs,
 Those strains we hear at even, when the sun is sinking low,
 And homeward from the meadows hands of weary mowers go,
 With the yearning of homesickness she shall weep and sing them yet,
 And her own dear land and youthful days she never can forget.

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

* From Fraser's Magazine.

A DAY AT THE DEAD SEA.

BY FRANCES POWER CORBE.

THE world's beauty is forever young, but the world's awe and terror are rapidly passing away. The halo of mystery which once hung over a hundred hills and groves and caverns is dissipating before our eyes like a resolvable nebula in Lord Rosse's telescope. The Sphinx is no enigma now. That solemn face, blasted by the suns and storms of sixty centuries, has been admirably photographed, and we shall no doubt all place it shortly, along with other interesting characters, as a *carte de visite* in our albums. Dagon, the "thrice-battered god of Palestine," who seemed to us once so awful a personage, has been dragged out of his grave in Sennacherib's burned and buried palace, and set up like a naughty boy in a corner in the British Museum. Scylla and Charybdis, where are their terrors now? Is not Charybdis traversed, and does not Scylla echo every Monday and Thursday the puffs of the steamboats of the Messageries Impériales? The cave of Trophonius and the fountain of Ammon, Styx and Acheron, Delphic groves and Theban tombs, have we not rifled and sketched and vulgarized them all? Picnics are held, as Mr. Trollope assures us, in the valley of Jehoshaphat and the very sepulchre of St. James. Even that far-off shrine immortalized by Calderon—the terror-haunted "Purgatory" beneath the waters of—

"That dim lake
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this sad world,"

has it not become the scene of "patterns" to which we blushing confess having once ourselves made a pilgrimage—in a tandem!

But there is still some faint lingering shadow of the terrible and the sublime in our ideas of the Dead Sea—the accursed Asphaltites. True, we have unhappily discovered all about it—its topography, hydrography, and chemical analysis. We know that birds fly over it, and fish swim in it, and that the pillar designated as Lot's Wife (or "Mrs. Salter," as we once heard a child call that ill-fated lady) is the result of a secular abrasion of certain saline and bituminous deposits. Still, when all is said, "Mare Mortuum" is an awe-inspiring name. If there be anything which ought not to die, it is a sea—the "im-

age of eternity," the emblem of life and motion which Byron could adjure:—

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld thou rollest
now."

But here is a sea not dowered with the immortal youth of the ever-leaping ocean, but dead—dead for three thousand years; ay, dead and damned to boot—the accursed Lake of Sodom! We confess it with shame (for it was a piece of crass ignorance), we had never constructed out of our moral consciousness, or out of any book of travels, any definite idea of a Dead Sea before we actually saw it with our eyes. It had remained one of those blessed dark corners of the imagination, wherein the terrible yet peeps out at us, as in childhood awful eyes used to do, from the deep bays of the room after dark, when we sat by our mother's knees in the red firelight before the candles were brought, and heard her stories of wolves and lost children in a wood. If it had been proposed to us as a practical excursion to visit Ogre's House, or Giant Despair's Castle, or Bluebeard's Red Chamber, we should have gone with as nearly as possible the same feelings of delight as we started for our journey on the morning of our "Day at the Dead Sea." In the faint hope that in this era of tourists and readers of tourists' books there may yet survive some few as ignorant as ourselves to whom we could convey a share of our impressions of interest and pleasure, we shall indite a brief record of that little experience. "Better twenty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," we are often tempted to say. But it must be owned there are some days in the East which it would be hard to parallel with any month in Europe, however replete with excitement and interest. At least, in our own lives, "a day in Cairo, a day at the Pyramids, a day in Jerusalem, a day at Baalbec, and this day at the Dead Sea," have had no equals, even in Athens or Rome.

As we are to speak of the land where time is counted from sunset to sunset, our day must begin, like that of Eden, in the evening.

Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at—that is to say, for people with prejudices on the subject of centipedes. The ground where the tents of pilgrims are pitched affords every possible opportunity for the study of those

entertaining *articulata*, and of course it is quite impossible in a tent to exercise anything else but hospitality towards any visitors who may choose to "drop in." True that for travellers of the nobler sex, the grand old monastery of Mar Saba opens its doors and offers the purest spiritual consolation in the shape of surpassingly excellent raki (the most unmitigated alcohol known). But for an unholy "Hajjin" (or female pilgrim) like the writer no such luck was in store. The convent of St. Saba must never be polluted by feminine Balmorals, and the society of the centipedes was quite good enough for us. It was accordingly with no small perturbation of mind that before retiring to rest, we investigated the manners and customs of those remarkable creatures. On a small bush of broom—the original *Planta-genista* of the most royal of kingly races—we discovered about three or four dozen of our friends, long and black, and vicious-looking in the extreme. Placing my gauntlet alongside of one of them as a measure, it appeared that the centipede was somewhat longer than the glove, or about six inches from tip to tail. All down the sides the little black legs moved in the most curious way from four or five centres of motion (ganglia, I suppose), so that he looked like a very fine black comb down which somebody slowly drew four or five fingers. Did he bite, or did he sting, and could he crawl fast, and was he not likely to establish himself for the night where we were keeping open house, or rather tent? Nay (frightful reflection), was there anything to prevent him and his congeners ensconcing themselves in our beds? We confess that it was with terrible misgivings we slept that night the sleep of people who have been eleven hours in the saddle, and burning was our indignation against asceticism in general and the prejudices of St. Saba in particular on the subject of the admission of petticoats to his monastery. The good Franciscans at Ramleh (the Arimathea of Scripture) had known better, and allotted to us a dormitory, where, however, we had some small but assiduous attendants, through whose ministrations we were (as good people say) "grievously exercised," and obliged to pass the night in researches more nearly connected with entomology than with biblical antiquities.

No; Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at, but we did sleep in spite of the centipedes.

For my part, at least, I slept so soundly, and with such vivid dreams of far-off green woods of the west, and dear ones parted by thousands of miles, that when awakened at midnight by the howling of the wild beasts of the wilderness, it was all but impossible to recover the sense of reality, or rather to know whereon to fix it—on the natural homelike dream of the little child with her arms around my neck, sitting under the old trees, or on the weird picture before my eyes at the tent door—the wild hollow in the desolate hills, and the group of our well-armed guard of Arabs around the watch-fire; while beyond them Orion, burning in all the glory of a Syrian night, was slowly sinking behind the desert mountains of Judea.

It is strange how everything in the simple life of tents suggests the analogies of the moral life. A journey in the desert is like reading a series of parables. We are then truly "pilgrims and sojourners on earth,"—the place which has known us for one brief day will know us no more forever. We really thirst for cooling fountains, and pant under the burning sun for "the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land." The simple realities of existence, which so rarely approach us at all in the orderly and over-finished life of England, where we slide, without jolt or jar from the cradle to the grave, along the smooth rails laid down by civilization, are present once more in the wildernesses of the East. That very morning, at Mar Saba, as we watched our tents taken down, and all traces of our brief encampment passing away, to be renewed as transitorily elsewhere at night, it forced itself on my mind more clearly than ever before, how the noblest aim of life could only be

"Nightly to pitch our moving tents

A day's march nearer home;"

—a real full day's pilgrimage in the right direction. And alas! *per contra*, how few of the easily numbered days allotted to us seem actually to forward us one step thitherward!

Whether it be from these associations with great realities, or from its wondrously healthy effect (making "well" a positive condition, and not, as usual, a mere negation of being "ill"), or from what other occult suitability to humanity, I know not; but decidedly the tent-life is beyond all others attractive and fascinating. At first, being sufficiently fond of the comfortable, I dreaded it greatly; but

after two or three nights, the spell it never fails to exercise fell on me, and I wished it could go on for months. It seems as if, at bottom of the Saxon nature, there is some unsuspected corner which always echoes joyously to the appeal—

"Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate."

Whether it be

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new,"

or to

"Antres vast and deserts idle,"

like those of Mar Saba, it is all the same. Only "let us go on—on to a new life; and let the traces of the old be swept away as rapidly as may be." "Let the dead Past bury its dead."

Is all this natural and wise, or utterly wrong and foolish? I am not quite persuaded; but at any rate it is of little consequence to decide the question, for our English climate settles the matter for us, practically, very decisively. How did Robin Hood and Maid Marian ever escape rheumatism and catarrh?

Our English progress is, I hope, of a more real sort than that of the Arab, whose tent is the only thing connected with him which *does* move. After four thousand years the Scheikh of Hebron has probably not varied an iota from the costume, the habits, or the acquirements of Abraham. The immobility of everything in the East is like that of the boulder-stones laid at intervals for landmarks across the plains, as regularly to-day as when Moses cursed the man who should remove them three thousand years ago. The tents move, but all else is stationary. Our houses, on the contrary, remain from age to age, while all things else are in continual change. Where are now the costumes, the habits, the ideas of our ancestors, not three thousand but three hundred years ago? Yet we live in their homes and worship in their churches, while the Syrian's tent has moved and changed uncounted times in the same interval. May those "stately homes of England" stand firm for many an age; and may we never advance to that doctrine of the Yankee in Hawthorn's *House of the Seven Gables*, "that it is an insolence for any man to build a house which should outlast his own life, and oblige his son to dwell in the chambers he had de-

signed, and not in those of his own original choice!" It is hardly to be measured, I think, how much of the best and tenderest family feelings amongst us are due to the old house, wherein all associations are centred, wherein each member of the race feels pride, where the pictures of the forefathers hang side by side on the walls, and their dust rests together in the vault hard by. Shame is it that such deep human feelings as these should be soiled by vulgar pride of rank or wealth, or monopolized by the rich alone, as if they were not equally the birthright of the humblest family who could possess their English cottage or Highland sheltie, and who *might* attach to them equally all the affections which would sanctify the castle or the palace. It is not the grandeur of the house, nor the artistic merit of the family pictures, nor the splendor of the funeral monuments, which give them their power. It is the great Divine institution of the family which gives to the hearth its sanctity, and to the picture and chair and tree and grave their influence over our hearts. To raise and ennoble the poor we must surely in every way possible strengthen and elevate the reverence for family ties? We must secure for them the power of earning by their industry homes which shall be really homes—not lodging-houses or temporary tenancies; but homes wherein may grow up those sentiments of honest pride, of mutual *solidarité* (making each member of the family interested in the honor and welfare of all the rest), of grateful youth and tenderly nurtured age, which may at last drive away the plague of pauperism from our land. Wherever this state of things is approached, as in Cumberland, Switzerland, and parts of France (the department of Seine-et-Marne, for instance), the moral results seem of unmixed good, whatever may be the commercial consequences as regards the farming of the land. There are dreamers, whose fanaticism, springing from violent recalcitration at the world's wrongs and cruelties, we cannot but in a measure honor, who would proceed on an opposite plan. I suppose every heart open to a generous feeling, has in youth experienced the attraction of some communistic scheme wherein labor should become unselfish, and poverty, with all its train of sins and woes, be wiped from the destinies of man. These philanthropists would say, "Leave your old houses to perish, or turn

Leigh-hall into a phalanstery." But if there were no other flaws in the project, this one would suffice. The family is an institution of the Creator, the community is an institution of man. However well planned, with whatever apparent provision for the family to spread its roots and flourish within the walls of the community, the tree will in the lapse of time burst its way and break down the walls. There is a deep, hidden antagonism between the two, which, as each grows, is more and more developed. When it comes to a contest between God's plan and man's plan, we can have little doubt which will be beaten in the long run. Assuredly it is *through* the Divine institution of the family, not against it; by increasing and elevating its influence, and restoring it when it has been crushed out by sin and misery, that we shall help mankind.

It was a glorious morning at Mar Saba. By four o'clock we were all dressed and breakfasting while our tents were taken down, and some twenty or thirty recalcitrant mules and donkeys first caught and then laden. A merry and pretty scene is the departure from a camp; and then, on those bright dawning days, the sense of life and health becomes an almost exuberant happiness. We learn there at last—what so many of us forget after childhood—that simply to exist in health is a blessing and a joy; to breathe the morning air, awakened from the sound slumbers of real fatigue—to eat rough food with keen appetite—to mount the willing, spirited Syrian horse, and start for the long day's travel with the sun mounting into the cloudless sky of Palestine, and the wide wilderness of hills stretching around and away as far as eye can reach;—all this is joy of itself. We feel inclined to say, as the scheik did to Layard, "Oh, sorrowful dwellers in cities! May Allah have mercy upon them! Is there any *kaf* like this, to ride through the flowers of the desert?" Truly it is better thus (once in a way, at all events), than to be forever, "with blinded eyesight, poring over miserable books."

As we rode out of the little valley of our encampment, and down by the convent of Mar Saba, we obtained a complete view of the whole *hermit burrow*, for such it may properly be considered. Mar Saba is the very ideal of a desert. It lies amid the wilderness of hills, not grand enough to be sublime, but only

monotonous and hopelessly barren. So white are these hills that at first they appear to be of chalk, but further inspection shows them to be of whitish rock, with hardly a trace of vegetation growing anywhere over it. On the hills there is sometimes an inch of soil over the rock; in the valleys there are torrents of stones over the inch of soil. Between our midday halt at Der-binerbeit (the highest land in Judæa), and the evening rest at Mar Saba, our whole march had been in utter solitude—not a village, a tent, a caravan, a human being in sight. Not a tree or bush. Of living creatures hardly a bird to break the dead silence of the world, only a large and venomous snake crawling beside our track. Thus far from human haunts, in the heart of the wilderness of Judæa, lies Mar Saba. Fit approach to such a shrine! Through the arid, burning rocks a profound and sharply-cut chasm suddenly opens and winds, forming a hideous valley, such as may exist in the unpeopled moon, but which probably has not its equal in our world for rugged and blasted desolation. There is no brook or stream in the depths of the ravine. If a torrent may ever rush down it after the thunder-storms with which the country is often visited, no traces of water remain even in early spring. Barren, burning, glaring rocks alone were to be seen on every side. Far up on the cliff, like a fortress, stand the gloomy, windowless walls of the convent; but along the ravine, in almost inaccessible gorges of the hills, are caves and holes half-way down the precipice, the dwellings of the hermits. Here, in a den fit for a fox or a hyæna, one poor soul had died just before our visit, after *five-and-forty years* of self-incarceration. Death had released him, but many more remained, and we could see some of them from the distant road as we passed, sitting in the mouths of their caverns, or walking on the little ledges of rock they had smoothed for terraces. Of course their food (such as it is) is conveyed to them, or let down from the cliffs from the convent at needful intervals. Otherwise they live absolutely alone—alone in this hideous desolation of nature, with the lurid, blasted desert for their sole share in God's beautiful universe. We are all, I suppose, accustomed to think of a hermit as our poets have painted him, dwelling serene in

"A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless continuity of shade."

undisturbed by all the ugly and jarring sights and sounds of our grinding civilization. Sleeping calmly on his bed of fern, feeding on his pulse and cresses, and drinking the water from the brook.

"He kneels at morn and noon and eve,
He hath a cushion plump,
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump."

But the hermits of Mar Saba, how different are they from him who assailed the Ancient Mariner? No holy cloisters of the woods, and sound of chanting brooks, and hymns of morning birds—only this silent burning waste—this "desolation deified." It seemed as if some frightful aberration of the religious sentiment could alone lead men to choose for home, temple, prison, tomb, the one spot of earth where no flower springs to tell of God's tenderness, no soft dew, nor sweet sound ever falls to preach faith and love.

There are many such hermits still in the Greek Church. I have seen their eyries perched where only vultures should have their nests, on the cliffs of Caramania, and among the caverns of the Cyclades. Anthony and Stylites have left behind them a track of evil glory, along which many a poor wretch still "crawls to heaven along the devil's trail." Is it indeed easier to do "some great thing"—to make some wondrous life-long sacrifice, or suffer some terrific martyrdom for God's sake, than simply to obey the law of love to him and our neighbor? How can it be that when these monstrous sacrifices are asked by any creed, however base and low (like the Paganism of India), the victims are never wanting, and where the sole demand is, "give me thine heart," there is no response, or but a poor, faint, miserable one? Shame on us that so it should be!

On we rode past the defile of the poor hermits, and out upon the hills beyond Mar Saba. Steep hills they were; and for four hours little time had we to attend to anything but our horses' feet, and how we could keep ourselves from slipping off as they scrambled up, like cats, the formidable acclivities. At last we came out upon a sort of undulated plain, where it was possible to canter forward, and of course the party soon started on a gallop, which came near costing me rather dearly. One of the ladies having ridden in advance, the old scheikh, in great excitement and de-
light, raced alongside of her, shouting, "Ta-

hib! Tahib!" (Good! good!), and evidently marvelling at the equestrianism of an Englishwoman on her awkward saddle. Fired with laudable ambition, I went after them; the lady gradually fell back, and Ali and I rode on galloping at considerable pace, while he screamed louder and louder, "Tahib! Tahib—katiyeh!" and threw his spear in the air. Finding at last, however, that the Arab's fine horse was inevitably beating the hack supplied me by our dragoman, I arrived at the sage resolution of stopping before we had left the caravan too far behind. Accordingly, I tried to pull up; but these Syrian horses, accustomed to be ruled by the voice, consider any touch of the rein only an instigation to further speed, and if it be tightened severely they immediately run restive. In a moment my hitherto amiable steed had taken the bit between his teeth, and struck off at fullest pace into the desert at right angles to our track. "Ali! Ali! *Moooh* Tahib!" (Not good!) I shouted; but Ali never dreamed of looking behind, but disappeared from my sight, still brandishing his djereed, and complacently screaming, "Tahib!" at the top of his voice. It was not a pleasant position. I was being carried as fast as my horse could bear me into the trackless wilderness. I had utterly lost all command of him, nobody having informed me of the talismanic "*Là! Là!*" (No! no!) "*Schwoi, schwoi,*" (gently, gently!) which would soon have brought him to reason. After a considerable run, I fortunately spied to the right a track where the sand evidently lay thick, and with some hard sawing, I guided the horse into it, and brought him to a standstill. From thence we tracked our way back eventually into the road, where the caravan was still in sight. These undulating and yet monotonous plains are most perplexing places, and it is the easiest thing in the world to lose one's self in them.

As we descended towards the Dead Sea the vegetation became a little more rich. There were wild flowers in abundance, and large bushes of broom, and a certain plant of the snap-dragon kind, which formed a gorgeous yellow rod, and which I wish much I could call by its right name, and describe in proper botanical terms. It had eight large flowerets in each circle round the stem, and eight or ten tiers of circles in bloom at once, altogether a huge mass of flower as long and thick as a man's arm.

It was while riding through the low hills covered with this vegetation, and just before coming out on the blighted flats of the Dead Sea, that one of those pictures passed before me which are ever after hung up in the mind's gallery among the choicest of the spoils of Eastern travel. By some chance I was alone, riding a few hundred yards in front of the caravan, when, turning the corner of a hill, I met a man coming towards me, the only one we had seen for several hours since we had passed a few black tents some eight or ten miles away. He was a noble-looking young shepherd, dressed in his camel's-hair robe, and with the lithesome, powerful limbs and elastic step of the children of the desert. But the interest which attached to him was the errand on which he had manifestly been engaged, on those Dead Sea plains from which he was returning. Round his neck, and with its little limbs held gently by his hand, lay a lamb he had rescued, and was doubtless carrying home. The little creature lay as if perfectly content and happy, and the man looked pleased as he strode along lightly with his burden, and as I saluted him with the usual gesture of pointing to heart and head, and the "salaam alik!" (Peace be with you), he responded with a smile and a kindly glance at the lamb, to which he saw my eyes were directed. It was actually the beautiful parable of the Gospel acted out before my sight. Every particular was true to the story; the shepherd had doubtless left his "ninety and nine in the wilderness," round the black tents we had seen so far away, and had sought for the lost lamb till he found it where it must quickly have perished without his help, among those blighted plains. Literally, too, "when he had found it, he laid it on his shoulders, rejoicing." It would, I think, have been a very hard heart which had not blessed God for the sight, and taken home to itself with fresh faith, the lesson that God suffers no wandering sheep to be finally lost from his great fold of heaven. Even though man may wander to the utmost bounds of his iniquity, yet the Good Shepherd rejoicing, shall bring the wanderer home, "for he will seek till he find him," even on the Dead Sea shore.

I longed for a painter's power to perpetuate that beautiful sight, a better and a truer lesson than the scapegoat. Men wonder sometimes what is to be the future of art, when opinions change and creeds become pu-

rified, and we need Madonnas no more than Minervas for idols, and are finally wearied of efforts, ever fruitless, to galvanize with the spark of art the corpses of dead religions. It seems to me as if modern painters and sculptors have before them a field hitherto almost unworked, in giving the *real coloring* to the great scenes and parables of ancient story, Hebrew and Greek, and Egyptian and Scandinavian, and not repeating forever the conventional types and costumes and localities, which the old masters adopted of necessity, knowing no better, but which, to us, ought to be no less absurd than to act Hamlet in the court-dress of George II., or Lady Macbeth in a hoop and powder. Look at the ordinary pictures of Christ. No Oriental ever wore those pink and blue robes, or sat in those attitudes. The real dress of a peasant of Palestine is at once far more picturesque and more manly, the real attitudes of repose infinitely more imposing and dignified. Look at the painted scenes in Palestine, the deep, dark, shadowy woods and Greek temples and Roman houses. Are these like the bare olive grove of Gethsemane, or the real edifices of Syria? The true Areopagus at Athens, on the rocky slopes of the hill, with the temple of Theseus far below, and in the distance the blue gulf over which Xerxes sat on his silver-footed throne to watch the fight of Salamis; that real site is an infinitely nobler one than Raphael's scene of Paul preaching at Athens on the steps of a Roman palace, and with the circular Tuscan temple filling up the whole distance. Probably everywhere the real costume, the real scenery, architecture, and coloring of land and sky, and, above all, the real types of national features, would be far better than even the noblest artist could invent, not always in the way of composing a picture, but invariably in that of conveying the ideas of the poet or historian. A Hebrew prophet grew up with the sky of Canaan overhead, its trees and wild flowers and barren deserts before his eyes. Everything he wrote must have borne some deep harmony with these things, rather than with the landscapes and the nature of the West. And so in all other things, departure from truth of *couleur locale* must surely always lose more in power than it gains in beauty. A Mary Magdalene of Zurbaran, in her received Spanish rank of Princess of Magdala, with a yellow satin dress and stomacher of pearls, does not seem more

ridiculous to us now, than will be to the next generation our pictures of St. Peter, in a pink and sky-blue toga, or statues of St. Paul in his conventional presentation of an emaciated mediæval anchorite, with a narrow forehead, and head on one side, and long cumbrous robes dangling over those brave feet which traversed the world. Even in the smallest matters, the actual facts of a country, its climate, fauna, flora, geology, and all the rest, have a right to be considered in illustrating its history or its poetry. The sheep of Palestine, for instance, are pretty and sufficiently intelligent-looking creatures, and the lambs quite beautiful—very different, at all events, they are from our stupid woolly cylinders on four legs, of which we read the other day in the *Times* of one hundred and forty killing themselves by leaping after each other into a dry ditch, for no cause or reason whatever—a species of animal whose docility some “pastors” may admire, but which a man feels it rather humiliating to be called on to imitate. As to the goats, they are awfully vicious-looking, with long black hair and an extremely diabolic cast of countenance. Poor animals! At last we descended upon the burning whitish plains of the Dead Sea, the land bearing unmistakable traces of having been once covered by the bituminous waters. Everywhere there grew quantities of small, scrubby, half-dead bushes of various kinds, or else of thick, high rushes beside the water-courses, which now became frequent, the water, however, being undrinkable. On some of the bushes, resembling blackthorns, we found fruit, like sloes, of which one or two on each bush seemed in natural condition, and the rest all worm-eaten and ready to crush to dry dust upon pressure, supposing them to be “apples of Sodom,” but were afterwards better informed—the apples of Sodom grow on the opposite side of the lake. Whatever fruit, however, is found round the whole district, partakes the same character, and is always blighted; growing on such a soil it could hardly be otherwise. It is all a mass of saline deposits.

Now we stood on the shore. It was little like what either pictures or imaginations had prepared us to see. The April sun was shining down broad and bright on the clear rippling waters of the splendid lake, which shone with metallic lustre, closed in between the high cliffs of the Judæan hills to the west,

and the grand chain of Moab, like a heaven-high wall, upon the east. Over the distance, and concealing from us the further half of the sea, hung a soft sunny haze. There was nothing in all this of the Accursed Lake, nothing of gloom and desolation. Even the shore was richly studded with bright golden chrysanthemums growing to the edge of the rippling waters. There was but one feature of the scene to convey a different impression; it was the skeletons of the trees once washed down from the woody banks of Jordan by the floods into the lake, and then at last cast up again by the south wind on the shore and gradually half buried in the sands. They stood up almost like a blasted grove, with their bare withered boughs in all fantastic shapes, whitened and charred as if they had passed through the fire.

It had been my intention, of course, to bathe in the sea, so I was provided for the attempt, with the exception, unfortunately, of sandals, and the stones being of the sharpest, I was unable to follow the long shallow water barefooted far enough out to test its well-known buoyancy for swimming. As few ladies, our dragoman told us (indeed, he absurdly supposed none), had bathed in the Dead Sea, I may as well warn any so disposed that the water nearly burnt the skin from my face, and occasioned quite excruciating pain for a few moments in the nostrils and eyes, and even on the arms and throat. The taste of it is like salts and quinine mixed together—an odious compound of the saline and the acridly bitter. No great wonder, since its analysis shows a variety of pleasing chlorides and bromides and muriates and sulphates, of all manner of nice things; magnesia and ammonia among those more familiar to the gustatory nerves. The Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean, and the evaporation from it (without any outlet) fully makes up for the supply poured in by Jordan, so that the sea sinks a little as time goes on.

The lesson of life seems to be, that nothing is so good or so bad as imagination depicts it beforehand. The Dead Sea was not so dead after all. We mounted our horses and took a last long look at it, and wished our visit had been on a darker day, when the waters should not have glittered in the sun under the ineffably soft spring sky of Palestine; but rather when the clouds had gathered over the

mountains of Moab, and the autumn tempest lashed the black waves of the accursed lake till it cast up the scarred and blasted trees upon the shore, and swept the blighting spray over the whole plains of Jericho. We turned away and rode on through the dwarfed underwood, and then over the wide waste of yellow sand—away as fast as we could gallop, for we had yet a long journey to accomplish before we could reach a halt for the night where (even with our Arab guard) we should be safe from the attacks of the robber gangs who prowl over these waters. Away we tore in the burning sun “over the burning marl,” like Leonor and her dead companion. “Hurra, hurra, hop, hop, hop!”

“The Dead (-sea visitors) ride fast.”

We made our way, as it is only possible to ride in a Syrian desert or Roman Campagna. Four hours, I believe, we pushed on with as little breathing space as might be, and we were in full career, goaded (I confess, on my part) by the intolerable stinging of the Dead Sea brine on my shoulders, which were too slightly protected from the sun, and now seemed pretty nearly on fire. Suddenly the sand stops as with a sharp line on a slight elevation. On one side utter barrenness and desolation; on the other luxuriant grass, a wood of aspens and willows, and there it is—JORDAN! The rich yellow eddying stream was at our feet.

A hundred yards further brought us to the spot where all the traditions of this storied stream are congregated. It is a small curve in the river, half encircling a space of an acre or two of grass, and clear on the hither side from the trees which elsewhere, above and below, line the banks in a compact mass like an Indian jungle. This grassy *laund* is the pilgrim's resting-place, and may be used as such safely by the great caravans, although it was too exposed for our small party. Above the next reach in the river a fine mountain-range closes the view, which, independently of its associations, is one of the most picturesque in Southern Palestine, though very different indeed from the grand scene of rocks and cliffs conjured up by Salvator Rosa for his picture of St. John preaching in the desert. Jordan is a narrow, deep, and turbid stream, eddying fast in its rapid descent into Asphal-tites. The banks are muddy as those of Avon or Tiber, and the stream itself as thick and

yellow as the Nile. To bathe in it is difficult, from the softness of the bottom, in which the feet sink at once above the ankle, while the current is so strong as to make it hard to hold one's balance. Every year some unfortunate pilgrims are lost in the excited rush which hundreds of them make at once into the stream, and only two days before our arrival a poor Arab in attendance on an English party whom we met at Jerusalem was drowned in attempting to bring them a bundle of canes from the opposite side of the river. I found the water, however, deliciously soft, and quite a compensation for all difficulties of bathing was the relief of washing off the Dead Sea brine in the sweet waves of Jordan. Of course I took my seven plunges in all regularity.

And here I must be pardoned for a small digression. The water-torture of modern times is decidedly applied to Europeans by the pouring of Mississippi down our throats (metaphorically) by the pitiless inhabitants of the Southern States of America. There were two ladies from those pleasant regions in our party, who invariably, whatever we saw, or heard, or talked of, in heaven or earth, incontinently likened it to the Mississippi; or (if that were quite impossible) compared it with the splendors of a Mississippi steamboat. They were kindly disposed and doubtless accomplished ladies, but there was something in this state of things which gradually threatened madness. The Nile, we were told, they had found like Mississippi—Jerusalem was not near so fine as New Orleans. If Mar Saba *had* had a stream running at the bottom, then that stream would have reminded them of Mississippi. (Alas! we only wished to find anything which would make them *forget* it.) Finally, our tent dinners on kebob and mishmash were not in the least like those on a first-class boat on the Mississippi. When we approached Jordan, it was natural to dread that the favorite parallel would be brought forward, and I ventured to confide to an English friend my prevision that if the sacred old stream were thus insulted patience would be difficult. Still, however, after having bathed and dressed myself, when seated under one of the great trees, and trying to conjure up the scenes which had passed upon that storied spot, I confess I was startled at being addressed,—

“Interesting, isn't it, Miss C——? It re-

minds me so much, you can't think, of the Mississippi."

"No, indeed, it doesn't, I am sure!" I exclaimed. "Why, Mississippi is one of the largest rivers in the world, and Jordan the smallest."

"Yes; but, for all that, it does remind me of the Mississippi. If you only went in one of our first-class boats," etc., etc.

And so, from Elijah and the Baptist, I was conveyed as quickly as thought might travel down a torrent of eloquence to New Orleans.

My dream of Jordan thus rudely broken, I rose, and after a little time we were again in our saddles and pursuing our journey towards Jericho. I know not whether the experience of a single traveller may be of much avail; but in these days, when so much blind prejudice is suffered to grow in England against the Northern Americans and in favor of the South, I would fain record the testimony of a woman who, having travelled alone over a large part of Europe and the East, has perhaps more opportunities than most men or women of judging of the standard of *courtesy* of different nations. The result of my experience has been this. If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulty of travel, or show me kindness, with that consideration for a woman, as a woman, which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. And if I wished to find a lady who should join company for any voyage or excursion, and who should be sure to show unvarying good temper, cheerfulness, and liberality, then I should wish for a North American lady. I do not speak of defects which English travellers often lay at the door of the whole nation, because they meet in Europe Americans of a social rank below any which attempts to travel and sit at *tables-d'hôte* of our own population; and they absurdly measure a New York shoemaker by the standard of a London barrister. I speak of what a genuine Yankee is as a fellow-traveller to a lady without companion or escort, wealth or rank. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people. Let Englishmen be pleased to run their prejudices where they like, it behoves at least an Englishwoman whom they have never failed to treat with kindness, to speak of the ford as she has found it.

As to the Southern Americans, it must be

confessed that their chivalry partakes a good deal too much of a quality which doubtless colored all the supposed romantic manners of the Middle Ages, and which always must reappear when society is divided between despots and serfs. I do not think many English ladies and gentlemen could comfortably endure the suppression of all such little phrases as "Thank you," "If you please," and their equivalents, in addresses to *white* attendants. One feels inclined to return to the exhortation of the nursery at all moments, "It wants a word!"

I happened once to be dining alone at the convent at Ramleh, the Franciscan lay-brother and my Piedmontese dragoman conversing together meanwhile. The talk ran on the travellers to Palestine, and both of them agreed that the Americans were most numerous of any, but singularly diverse in character. "Some of them," said the monk, "are *buonissimi gente*; but some others—oh! they ordered me about, and never said a word of thanks, as if I were their servant." "Worse than that," said the Piedmontese Abengo; "I twice served them as dragoman, and they treated me like a dog. I left them, though they paid me well, for I could not endure it. They came from the Southern States, where they have slaves." "Ah, sì" said the Franciscan, "qu'est" horrible schiavitù!"

Leaving the willowy banks of Jordan, we turned westward, and rode on for some hours across the plains of Jericho. The heat was fearful; not in the least like the heat of England, but a *roasting* of the brains through all the folds of hat and turban, and wet handkerchief within them, which gave cause to fear for the share of reason which would survive the process. I never understood before the force of Mahomet's threat to the wicked in Jehanum, "Their skull shall boil like a pot." As evening closed in and we reached the site where Jericho once stood, the sultry atmosphere seemed even more stifling. The wonder is, not that Jericho should be deserted, but that a city in such a place ever came to be built. Closed in by the mountains on every side on which a fresh breeze could blow upon it, and open only to the unwholesome flats of the Dead Sea, the position is absolutely pestilential even in early spring, when we visited it. What it must be in summer and autumn it is hard to guess. The site of Jericho is marked by a tower, and by

some mounds and broken walls. There was on the spot, on the night of our sojourn, a huge camp of pilgrims, numbering probably nearly three thousand, returning from their dips in Jordan. The larger number of these poor creatures are very aged men and women, and come from Greece or other distant countries. How they bear the enormous fatigue of the journey is surprising, but they all go down to Jordan to bathe; the pilgrimage else remains incomplete. On the whole, it is calculated that, between French, Greeks, and all others, there are some fifty thousand of these poor creatures who perform the pilgrimage every year. The camp was naturally a picturesque sight, and it was prettily placed near the stream which watered Jericho, and among dwarf groves of thorny acacias and egg-fruit. I conversed for a little while with some Greek women in their classic headdresses—if conversing it could be called, to interchange a few friendly signs and an odd word or two, and exhibit some very bad sketches, which they were surprisingly clever to recognize as those of the Holy Sepulchre. Their manners were very sweet and engaging. I afterwards found those of the poor Greek women at Athens to be the same, always performing smilingly any little service in their power, like giving me water to drink from the fountain of Callirhoë in their beautiful earthen vases, which for gracefulness might have served in the household of Pericles. This night at Jericho the pilgrims, male and female, were in full enjoyment; and near them a band of Arab soldiers danced long and merrily in the starlight. It was a pleasant idea of pilgrimage, truly; and as we went to rest at the end of our "Day at the Dead Sea," and heard the hyenas roaring and the jackals barking round us in the wilderness, we confess to having somewhat envied our neighbors' faith, which made going on pilgrimage a sacred performance. True that, for these poor souls, it involved much fatigue and weariness; but for us, who might *boil our peas* and go on horseback, it was another matter.

What a pleasant thing it would be, after all, if in our day we could only believe in a pilgrimage! It is a common reproach against us modern English that we are all homesick (i.e., *sick of our homes*!); and if we could but imagine that it were possible to combine a holy "work" and a pleasure trip, the question is, not who would go, but who

would stay behind! No doubt, in the days of the Crusades, the same spirit animated all parties. Think of the knights, who must have rejoiced to leave the monotonous society of their ever-spinning Penelopes; the serfs, who must have gloried in escaping from their tyrants; the schoolboys, who must have played leap-frog half-way to Constantinople for joy of leaving their hornbooks and going on such a "lark"! We mean no disrespect to all the religious associations and chivalry and heroism, and all that kind of thing, of the Crusades;—only, we repeat, we wish it were possible to combine in our day, in a similar manner, being so remarkably good and doing something so particularly agreeable. "Duty," said a Scotch friend to us once, "duty is anything that you find it disagreeable to do." "Conscience," said an Irish one, in return, "is that which supplies us with good motives for doing whatever we like, and fills us with satisfaction when we have done it!" Of the two diverse views, it is clear that the last might authorize us to go on a crusade.

But next to a crusade give me a pilgrimage. There is something in the idea so wonderfully suited to human nature, that probably every creed save Protestant Christianity has sanctioned it, and had a Mecca or a Benares or a Compostella or a Canterbury to which such holy journeys might be made for the good of the soul and the extreme satisfaction of the body. As England's religion admits of nothing of the kind, England's share of the universal human sentiment relieves itself by making its favorite pious book next to the Bible—a *Pilgrim's Progress*. Glorious old Bunyan! half quaintest Puritan, half sublimest poet, what do we not all owe to him of childhood's dreams and of youth's ambitions? It is he who has given us such a true parable of life that it is evermore impossible to separate the real and the allegorical, and not to think of despond as a "slough," and "difficulty" as a hill, and sickness as a valley of shadows, and the world as a vanity fair, and despair as a giant, and death as a river, and heaven as a celestial city, whither the "shining ones" bear the souls of the glorified amid eternal hallelujahs. So true, so real are these things, they cease to be allegories; nor is there (as we have often tested) among the lowest and dullest a mind which does not respond to

their truth. And then the great pervading thought of the book—that life is a passage onward and upward, a life wherein there are failings and falls and turnings back even to the last—but a life with its definite path of duty, its definite aim, its thrice-blessed definite end. This thought Bunyan gives us as we could perhaps never have had without him. How it fastened on us all in childhood, when we had the inappreciable fortune to read his book at the right time, when we were either young enough or old enough to enjoy it as the most wondrous of fairy tales or the deepest of parables!

I have heard of a little child who was so seized upon by the book that she actually succeeded in escaping from her nurse and setting out on pilgrimage through a certain "wicket-gate" (of course to a child's imagination, the only "wicket-gate" in the world). After a time she came to a hill which naturally represented "Difficulty," and on the summit was a house with stone lions on the gates: the house called Beautiful beyond any mistake. A footman in livery imperfectly rendered the character of the proper porter "Discretion;" but fortunately three ladies in the drawing-room to whom the poor little pilgrim was admitted, fully realized those of Christian's hostesses, and after a "refection" of tea and cake, she was safely driven home to her anxious mamma in their carriage. Which of us could not have performed the same exploit at the mature age of six? And at sixty, who would be wearied of the book, or cease to pick out the wondrous metaphors which lie in this Golconda strewed about in reckless profusion? The chamber in the house called Beautiful, "looking towards the sun rising, the name of which chamber was Peace." The dreadful combat with the

incarnate Sin, when Apollyon "straddles all across" the way of life, and the poor pilgrim can advance no step till the foe is beaten off and conquered, after that same fearful fight upon the knees of which all our hearts bear the scars. Giant Despair's powerlessness when he would fain "maul the prisoners" in Doubting Castle as was his wont; but the sun was bright in the blue heavens, and the lark singing up in the sky, and he could not hurt them, "for sometimes in sunshiny weather Giant Despair has fits." The Delectable Mountains, whence it was possible to see the gates of the Celestial City and the glory of its King for one brief hour ere the clouds rolled over the vision, and the pilgrims descended to tread the lowly paths beneath, strengthened for evermore by the memory of what they had once beheld. The Beulah Land, where the struggles and the warfare are over, and the pilgrim dwells in peace ineffable, only waiting for God's messenger of death to summon him to the Celestial City, where his admittance is assured. And then the Dark River, and the sinking heart and failing strength and trembling faith as the deep waters go over, even over, our souls. Is not this DEATH—death such as we have seen it standing on the hither bank, watching with straining eyes after the beloved ones who have passed over, and whom a cloud receives for evermore out of our sight?

Poor pilgrims of Jordan resting by ruined Jericho—that starry Eastern night where my tent was pitched near yours—let us trust that the faith which urged you on that weary way will give you comfort when that other Jordan must be passed—so cold, so deep, so fathomless! That faith and mine will be all one at last, when we climb up the further shore and see overhead the golden towers.

PALMERSTON PUZZLED.

Lord Palmerston.—I am not able off-hand to answer the question of my hon. and learned friend (Mr. Roebuck), but I will make inquiry.—*Tuesday's Debate.*

Not answer off-hand! O Viscount, verily—

It's what no fellow can understand.

You, who through life have been going so merrily,
And never objecting to answer off-hand!

Your friends have said, "Well, he's not sagacious;

And his policy isn't remarkably grand;

And he's flippant, sometimes; but then, good gracious!

What a fellow he is to answer off-hand!"

What unpleasant remarks have arrived from Vienna
Concerning the session so foolishly planned,
That you, my Lord Viscount, should wish at Gehenna

The member who wants you to answer off-hand?

Surely we've something most strange to anticipate,
When the plausible Viscount, the pride of our land,

Cannot the fears of his followers dissipate—

As he commonly does—by an answer off-hand.

—*Press.*

X.

From The Saturday Review.
 ÆSTHETICAL DELUSIONS.

THERE was a time when the word "artist" meant simply one who used the brush and painted pictures. No one would then have called a singer or a dancer Artist, though it is clear that the Muses patronize singing and dancing as immediately as picture-painting. Thus, what the word gained in definiteness it lost in extension. But now the whole case is changed. The word artist, or the French *artiste*, has come to be applied to every one who is in any way connected with any of the fine arts; and it is used to designate so many different people, that we hardly know how to interpret it without the assistance of some qualifying epithet. The definition of Ary Scheffer, that the artist is a man endowed with some lofty sentiment or powerful conviction, which is worthy of being expressed indifferently through the medium of prose, poetry, music, sculpture, or painting, is surely wide enough. But it sinks into nothing in contact with such phrases as photographic artist, artist in hair, artist in wax flowers, and the like. Acrobats and rope-dancers even are dignified with the name, and young ladies who imitate Lord Dundreary in their evening entertainments are now lauded in provincial newspapers as "eminent artistes." One important inference may be drawn from this vague and inconvenient extension of the term. We see in it the prevalence of a persuasion that there exists an artistic nature capable of giving itself vent through various channels, according to the idiosyncrasy of the individual. Thus Art becomes a single spirit taking many shapes, and artists in all their different degrees are bound together by her divine afflatus. So far this is very well. But Wordsworth talks of men who are dumb poets—who feel the inspirations of Art, but never find an adequate channel for the expression of her mystical communications. Then arises the gigantic fallacy of artistic sensibilities, by right of which any romantic person may class himself among the poets of the world, complaining only that cruel heaven has put no lyre or pencil into his hands. He has the lofty sentiment and powerful conviction; but he is doomed to "live his poem" instead of writing it, and to exhale his artistic sweetness on the desert of his own existence. Let us see how far this claim to "æsthetic sensibilities" or "artistic temperament," among

persons who are remarkable for the predominance of their emotions, and for the rapidity with which they feel the influence of Art, may lead them into difficulties.

There has always been and will be a certain amount of folly and waywardness among young people, which makes them discontented with common life, morbid, moping, and apt to confound the ideal with the real. This used to be called romance; and Sheridan's *Lydia Languish* is an amusing picture of what it was in his days. Miss Edgeworth, too, in her charming tale of the *Unknown Friend*, has satirized the absurdities and inconveniences to which it exposed its subjects. Another form of the same disease, though more dangerous in its tendencies, was the Byronism of fifty years ago, and the Werterism which infected Germany during Goethe's period of *Sturm und Drang*. Now-a-days there is remarkably little of the old romantic feeling, perhaps too little for the preservation of a truly chivalrous society. Byronism has expired, and the young men of Germany and England are far from committing suicide or becoming bandits under the potent spells of Goethe or of Schiller. Yet human nature is the same, and in the extended use of the word "artist" may perhaps be detected a folly which has partially supplanted those we have just indicated. Young people no longer break their hearts for love; but they fancy that they are born to be artists, and quarrel with the trammels of society or business, with the frigid round of conventionalities and the monotonous occupations that tie the pinions of their Pegasus. As an immediate consequence of this persuasion, such persons sacrifice everything in order to foster their æsthetic perceptions, and to give full course to their imagination. Yet they have no secure conviction of their genius; and like the alchemists of old, they continue spending what real wealth they have upon an insane attempt to develop a faculty which probably does not exist. "The artist," they say, "is a law unto himself." Therefore, he must obey his own impulses; and if he does not harmonize with society, it is the fault of the latter, which he has received supreme commission to correct. It follows that mere sensibility is substituted for morality. Whatever seems to the artistic spirit good and beautiful, that he is bound to pursue, or to sell his birthright. The advice of parents and the common sense

of the world are alike neglected, for the experience of the artist is above such guidance. And meantime his soul must be sustained with the music, poetry, or painting, which seems most congenial to his aspirations; until, by this course of training—since such natures are rarely capable of controlling the fancy, or of separating the ideal world from that of practical life—he becomes a feeble thinker, distorted in his moral notions and aimless in his actions, the passive prey of every impression which may be communicated to his simply receptive imagination.

We may here turn aside to illustrate the truth of a remark which is not seldom made, but which is rarely accompanied by any adequate explanation—that musical people are for the most part conspicuous for some intellectual folly or moral debility. The fact is that the very quality of mind which makes them sensitive to melody exposes them to the influence of every gusty impulse, and betrays them into adopting an ideal point of view. This no doubt is the case with intellects that lack weight and balance—with those would-be artists who abuse fair abilities in the search for the impossible, and with such real ones as have not sufficient strength of moral character to counterbalance their imagination. To correct this failing should be the special aim of education in these cases; for through them the whole sphere of art becomes suspected, until æsthetical tastes and studies are alike treated as subjects of reproach. We even remember hearing the verdict of a great scholar on one of his acquaintances, in which he described him as a young man remarkable for his æsthetical tastes, *but who yet evinced considerable ability.*

But to continue our description of the would-be artist. As soon as he has conceived that it is his duty to educate himself for art, all things begin to be contemplated from a fictitious point of view. He no longer asks, Is this right or wrong? or, Is it a healthy subject of my thought? but, How would this look if I could work it up into a tale or poem? What new subtlety in human nature can I discover? Inordinate curiosity for the investigation of morbid character succeeds. Forgetting that contact with the evil of another soul cannot fail to sully our own, and imagining that the artist must understand the height and depth of human passion, he finds no problem too revolting, no French pathol-

ogy of sentiment too painful, for his scrutiny. And with this anatomy of other minds begins the analysis of self, which at first presents a new and wonderful enjoyment. For when a man has discovered that he contains within himself a microcosm more various and yet more easily investigated than the great world, it gives him infinite pleasure to sound its seas and map out its continents. He fosters peculiar emotions in order to observe their progress and conclusion. He does strange things, like Firmilian, to get a fresh sensation. Every little feeling is magnified and invested with epical importance—perhaps is recorded in a diary; nor does he reckon any feeling wrong or foolish so long as it seems genuine, because the whole soul is consistent with herself, and yet must be variously developed. Thus, what with external anatomy and internal craving for excitement, his mind becomes a mirror of all that is bad and painful in others, while his own evil tendencies receive a fresh vitality; and eventually the embryo artist finds that he is threading an inextricable maze under the burden of matter that is dangerous and potent, and enslaved to habits of which he can no longer divest himself by an act of will. Then descends the Nemesis of Art. The healthy pursuits of other people seem insipid. Their modes of thought are tame. Like one who has returned from the wild beasts and phantoms of a Thebaid to the world of life, he cannot understand the common interests of men. And even beauty, which used to charm his soul in nature, poetry, and painting, can now no longer exert the stimulus which he requires to satisfy his yearnings, or to distract his attention from the self-inflicted torments of his mind. Nor, again, is it simply in respect of his moral nature that he has suffered. The same tendency to view all things in an ideal and subjective light weakens his intellectual perceptions. Truth ceases to mean what absolutely *is*, and becomes what is consistent with a certain state of mind. And everything appears to have its own Truth, until nothing can be said to be either false or true.

Such is the result of this artist's self-education. And at the end he asks himself what he should have asked at the beginning, "Have I the power to create?" But the full answer to this question is not yet in the negative. Our artist cannot face the truth of his deficiency. He rather strives to find

in the weakness of his nature some evidence of genius still to be developed. For such natures, in the midst of self-mistrust and conscious folly, yearn morbidly for fame. They remember that Keats threatened to commit suicide unless he found himself a poet. They cherish self-inflicted sorrows and imaginary pain, because artists must "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Even such minor points of weakness as melancholy, selfishness, irritability, shyness, and far-fetched dreams of evil, because they may be reckoned among the flaws of mighty minds, delude these misguided beings into the fancy that they sit above the herd among the lords of Thought. Yet it was not his blindness which made Milton equal in renown to Thamyris or Mæonides; nor can we feel assured that because Keats brooded over unreal miseries, or because Shelley fought with phantoms, or because Arthur Hallam could not remember the date of Marathon three days together, or because Coleridge had no moral sense, therefore every sensitive youth endowed with these imperfections is born to be a poet. In fact, there is a vast difference between æsthetical susceptibility and real creative power—between the mere enthusiasm which loses itself in a tempest of emotion, and the calm power of genius that holds all the winds of passion under its control. And this our artist discovers to his cost as soon as he really puts his capabilities to the test. In order to understand the nature of this discovery, we may quote Goethe's words about the young man Plessing, whom he visited *incognito*:—

"The deplorable condition of this young man," he says, "had become always clearer to me; he had never taken cognizance of the outer world; but had, on the contrary, cultivated his mind by multifarious reading, and directed inwards all his powers and affections; and in this way, as in the depths of his being he found no productive talent, he had gone far to ruin himself altogether; even the occupation and consolation which stand so gloriously open to us by employing ourselves with the ancient languages, seemed to be completely wanting to him."

Goethe feared that he was on the brink of suicide or madness. Fortunately, he did not end thus; but he eventually became a literary man of the second class. We may use his case as a warning to those able young men who now talk vaguely about Art, for-

getting that, besides the sensibilities and imperfections of the poet's mind, they ought to feel assured of the true artistic inspiration, and of definite plastic power, before they tread a labyrinth so dangerous to even the real masters of its clue. Yet perhaps, after all, there are few who set themselves in spite of Nature to become artists, in any distinct sense of the word. It is true that Mr. Mill gravely asserts, in his essay on Wordsworth, that every man of ability and diligence may, by self-culture, make himself as great a poet as the author of the *Ode on Immortality*. Yet there is an instinct which holds men back from embarking all their freight on such a treacherous sea; and the real evil of yearnings after art is not so much the earnest devotion of a lifetime to this artistic Quixotism, as the indulgence which we have attempted to describe, of a general laxity of thought and morals, to which those persons are exposed who fancy themselves more gifted than their neighbors because they are more sensitive.

It may be asked, what process is likely to free a man from such a morbid state of mind? George Sand has written a novel called *Val-vèdre* upon this problem, in which she tries to prove that a sincere study of Nature is the true restorative of jaded sensibilities and self-absorption. Science, which deals with the facts and laws of the outer world—analysis of natural beauties, in and for themselves, without a side-glance at their reproduction in a literary or sentimental form—is the great specific which she recommends for these diseases of the soul. It is true that nothing is more calm and satisfactory—nothing more fit to lead us outside ourselves, and to teach us humility—than such a study. But it is not every one who has the means of adopting this remedy, while others, like Plessing, are rendered incapable by their very disease of being influenced by such a cure. The principle, however, holds good, and admits of wide application. He who has once been roused from artistic dreaming by the retribution which descends on the incompetent, should at any cost learn humility and seek a reconstruction of his character outside himself—in business, work, hard living, acts of charity, association with his fellows. In a word, like Tennyson's Lady, he should leave his palace-towers, and hope only to return to them when he can enter to enjoy, without false, selfish fancies which belie his very nature.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A PRINCE IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

VERY interesting to all classes of readers are those works in which an historian of acknowledged repute selects some undecided incident, and throws on it the light of diligent research and careful weighing of evidence. In this act M. Guizot is *facile princeps*, and it is therefore with great satisfaction that we bring before our readers' attention his latest monogram,* a perusal of which will go far to remove the disappointing impression produced by his feeble defence of the Papacy. During his study of the English Revolution our author came across two histories which he considered more fascinating than any romance: these were a king seeking a love-match, and love in the household of a great Christian and liberal nobleman. The latter M. Guizot has already made known to us in his "L'Amour dans le Mariage," and he has now fully discussed the former in the volume which we have under notice. The first, the author tells us, was a study of a political tragedy; the second a study of high comedy. But, before entering on the subject-matter, let us pause for a moment and see what M. Guizot has to say about royal marriages generally:—

"Royal marriages arouse very diverse feelings among those who are present at them, or who converse about them. Some, and they are the majority, only think of the grandeur of the destinies which are connected by such bonds, of the importance of the motives that determine them, and the negotiations that preface them, and of the brilliancy of the fêtes that accompany them. Others, and they are the more delicate, reflect on the private lot of the persons thus engaged to each other, and are affected by the condition of these young princesses, the devoted victim of politics, who are torn from their country and family, and surrendered to a man who does not know them, and whom they do not know, without care for their wishes and happiness. Of these spectators so differently affected, the first frequently see the brilliant expectations contradicted by facts; and I fear lest the honest compassion of the second is not always satisfied. Politicians are right in believing that alliances between royal families are not without their value for states, and are wrong when they confide in their powerful efficaciousness; such bonds influence events, but do not decide

them, and there are deeper causes which unite or divide governments and peoples. Those scrupulous persons who wish that hearts were more consulted in royal marriages, deplore an incurable evil: political necessities, either of fear or hope, are too powerful to prevent personal feelings being silenced or overcome. On the day of their marriage, as in many other circumstances of their life, the great ones of the earth have to pay, at times very dearly, for their greatness, and it often costs them happiness, and, most assuredly, liberty. It is said that the Emperor Nicholas, when a marriage was on the carpet, laid great stress on the inclinations of his children, and I have lived with a royal family in which domestic virtues and affections occupied a great place. I wish that such may become everywhere the morals of kings; but I venture to the belief that, speaking generally, our age and the succeeding ones will not differ in this respect from those that preceded it."

In 1623, three men badly suited to each other and to their time—King James Stuart I., his son Charles Prince of Wales, and their common favorite, George Villiers Duke of Buckingham—held in their hands the government of England. James was deficient neither in art nor knowledge, but he vain-gloriously displayed them in his conversations and writings much more than he employed them profitably in the government of his states. While still almost a boy-in Scotland, he had to receive a foreign ambassador. The interview took place in Latin. The foreign envoy committed some grammatical mistakes, and the youthful king eagerly corrected them. "How is it you have made a pedant of your illustrious pupil?" the ambassador the next day asked the royal preceptor, Buchanan. "I was very fortunate," Buchanan said, "in making even that of him." In England, as in Scotland, James remained his whole life through a subtle and prolix pedant, astute with braggardism, and obstinate without vigor. He was a coward at the same time as a disputant, mingled pusillanimous instincts with haughty pretension, and feared danger as much as he delighted in controversy. He possessed strangely susceptible and weak nerves: a sudden noise, an unexpected appearance, made him start with terror, and his large eyes incessantly rolled in all directions when a stranger was before him. His doublet and all his garments were strongly lined and quilted to protect him from a dagger-thrust, which gave him the appearance of

* Un Projet de Mariage Royal. By M. Guizot. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie.

an excessive and false corpulence. He had but little beard, and his tongue was too large for his mouth, so that he ate and drank uncleanly and awkwardly. His thin legs could hardly carry him : at the age of seven he was unable to stand upright, and he was obliged always to lean on the shoulder of some one for support. With shamefully dissolute morals he united a ridiculously expansive and familiar tenderness, and was always ruled by favorites, whom he treated as children. In his frequent attacks of anxiety and ill-temper he would curse at one moment like a teamster, at another cry like a woman. No sovereign more pompously held up the royal prerogatives in principle, and none, in reality, represented royalty in a more subaltern, more vulgar, and frequently more offensive manner. Prince Charles and Buckingham were in many respects superior to the weak monarch ; but all three had two great faults, the infallible source of serious perils. They were all imbued with the maxims and habits of absolute power, at a period when, though triumphant on the Continent, it was becoming inopportune and contested in England. They arrived at a great time, and were not great themselves : they found great questions pending which had formerly been discussed by great princes, and they were incapable of treating them with the same energy as their predecessors :—

“Absolute power has its social and personal conditions. It is at times natural and necessary, but no mistake must be made about its hour, and even in its hour a certain measure of brilliancy and public respect is indispensable for it. When a nation has a sovereign master, at least, it must not despise him. As sovereign-master of England, James I. came too late, and was too decried : under the two great Tudors, his predecessors, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, absolute power had brilliantly performed its career, and accomplished its task ; but James had no longer services to render it, and glory to reap ; he merely professed its maxims unseasonably, and scandalously practised its abuses. His son Charles entered on the same track with more dignity and more blindness, while Buckingham took advantage, with arrogant and frivolous selfishness, of the weaknesses of his two masters.”

When Henri IV. heard of the death of Elizabeth, he at once sent off Sully to renew the old alliance between the two countries, and, at the same time, to fortify the alliance by the double marriage of the Dauphin,

afterwards Louis XIII., with Princess Elizabeth of England, and of Henry Prince of Wales with Elizabeth of France, eldest daughter of Henri IV. Sully performed his mission with admirable tact, and James invited him and his suite to dinner at Greenwich. Sully reports progress to his master as follows :—

“The beginning of our conversation was about the chase and the heat, which was at this time extraordinary in England. After commonplace topics, the king began talking of the late Queen of England with some degree of contempt, and to boast of the dexterity he had displayed in managing her through her legal advisers, all of whom he boasted that he had gained over during her lifetime ; so that they only did what he wished, and he had thus governed England for several years before the death of the late queen, whose memory is not agreeable to him. Then calling for wine, in which he never mixes water, he began by saying to me that he wished to drink your health, which was done reciprocally by him and me, without forgetting the queen's and children. Speaking of whom, he whispered in my ear that he was going to drink the double relationship which was about to ensue. I was surprised at this, because the time seemed to me inopportune for opening so worthy a matter, and he ought to have spoken to me beforehand. Still I greeted the remark with some signs of joy, and told him that your majesty, being sought by Spain for Monseigneur the Dauphin, would know how to choose and make a distinction between the alliance with a good brother and assured friend, with whom he would never have cause of quarrel, and a monarch from whom, up to this hour, he had only received insults. Then he told me that he acted in the same way, having been offered the same marriage for his son by the Spaniards, and that they were offering this Infanta to all the world merely to abuse the princes.”

Sully went off with an offensive and defensive alliance in his pocket, and, soon after, Spanish envoys arrived in their turn in England to form a treaty and open prospects for a royal marriage. M. Guizot has found a very curious document in the archives of Simancas drawn up on this subject for Philip III. by a Jesuit. The marriage was regarded as a means for bringing England back to the true faith, and, says the Jesuit, “Once that your majesty has settled with the King of England that the Infanta and her entire household shall have free exercise of the Catholic religion, and that her highness shall

be waited on by persons of both nations of an exemplary life, as well as of a tried prudence and zeal in the matters of our holy faith, the marriage, in the opinion of the said Catholics, will be not only licit according to the divine laws, but also justified, or, at the least, admissible to dispensation according to human laws, and even meritorious before God, glorious for Spain, and of great edification for the entire Church." With the death of Henri IV. matters changed greatly in France, and James veered round to the Spanish alliance, by sending Sir Charles Cornwallis, in 1611, to ask the hand of the Infanta Anne for Henry Prince of Wales. After a good deal of delay, Cornwallis was told that the Infanta Anne was already disposed of, but his master might have his choice of the two other Infantas, Marie and Marguerite, but the elder of these was only five years of age. Finally, the Spanish court made it a *sine qua non* that the prince should embrace the Catholic faith, and the matter was broken off. Anne of Austria was married to the young King of France, and James had the unpleasant feeling of having been made a cat's-paw of both by France and Spain.

James next asked the hand of Christina, second daughter of Henri IV., for his son, and on the death of the latter put forward Charles. The negotiations, however, led to no result, and the king once more turned his eyes to Madrid. The Spanish envoy in London, Gondemar, was admirably adapted to carry on such a delicate negotiation, and James appointed as his envoy to Madrid, Sir John Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, who labored diligently and perseveringly to bring about the marriage, without compromising the general policy or public feeling of his own country. The Spanish court pretended to be anxious for the marriage, but it was all deceit on their part. Philip III., on his dying bed, said to his son; "Prince, do not abandon your sister Marie till you have made an empress of her." Tired of the delays, Prince Charles resolved on the bold stroke of proceeding to Madrid, gaining the heart of the Infanta, and thus rendering it impossible for the court of Madrid to withdraw. After a long time spent in overcoming the king's resistance, Charles and Buckingham left London on February 27, 1623, under the names of John and Thomas Smith, and sailed from Dover; on March 3 they

reached Paris incognito. They were presented as travellers to the Duc de Montbazon, manager of the royal fêtes, and witnessed a court ballet, where the prince was so struck by the beauty of Anne of Austria that he was all eagerness to see her sister. He, therefore, started the next day for Madrid; and hence there is no truth in the commonly accepted tradition that he fell in love at first sight with Henrietta Maria. On the contrary, when Lords Carlisle and Holland went to Paris in 1624 to ask the hand of that princess for Charles, Anne of Austria said to them, "That at the ballet, where the Prince of Wales saw them the previous year, she had greatly regretted that her sister-in-law had appeared before him so little to her advantage, as he had only seen her from a distance, and in a dark room, while her face and entire person were infinitely more agreeable when seen close."

On the evening of March 17 the travellers arrived at the door of the English ambassador at Madrid, "more gay than they had ever been in their lives." They were most kindly welcomed by the court, and Olivarez went so far as to say that if the Pope refused a dispensation for the Infanta to be the wife of the Prince of Wales, she would be given to him as mistress. The public also greeted Charles with delight, for there had been a drought for seven months before his arrival, and a beneficent rain came with him. Hence, when Charles solemnly traversed the city to go and take up his residence with the king, all classes of the population greeted him with the same favor: the richest hangings, the finest pictures adorned the fronts of the houses; scaffoldings were erected on all sides, covered with spectators, and verses in honor of the prince were recited as he passed. On reaching the palace, the prince was splendidly lodged; the king handed him a gold key which opened his private apartments; the queen sent him presents chosen with feminine delicacy and royal magnificence; the town was illuminated for three days; promenades, public homages, bull-fights, festivals of every description, succeeded each other without relaxation, and at court and in the country all were anxious to testify to the prince their confidence and hope. But the confidence of Charles and Buckingham in their speedy success was soon shaken. The principal conditions of the marriage, already agreed on between the two sov-

ereigns, were, that the Infanta and her household should enjoy in England the free and full exercise of the Catholic religion; that the education of the children should remain in their mother's hands up to the age of seven, and that, if they were Catholics, they should not lose their right of succession; that no Catholic priest should be put to death for performing his spiritual functions, and that the penal laws existing in England against the Catholics should be allowed to fall into desuetude. On these bases the Papal dispensation had been asked, but Gregory XIV. added several fresh demands, some of which James conceded, and declined others; but, on the departure of Charles for Spain, it was generally supposed that matters were duly arranged. For all that, the dispensation did not arrive, and there were so many obstacles, that Charles was obliged to ask his father for full powers in order to settle matters. Moreover, the enthusiasm with which Charles was received at Madrid rapidly cooled down: it was generally believed that he was about to turn Catholic, but he soon undeceived them by saying, "I have come to seek in Spain a wife, and not a religion."

Nor does it appear, in spite of Buckingham's asseverations, that the Prince of Wales was greatly smitten by his promised wife. The Infanta was at that time seventeen years of age; short and rather stout; she had light hair, a Flemish rather than a Spanish complexion, and rather thick lips, after the type of the house of Austria. Nothing leads to the belief that her mind was well developed, and, as we may suppose, she was, with the prince, at once curious and embarrassed. He only had rare and short interviews with her; and even when, lodged in the palace, he saw her more nearly and frequently, the court etiquette and Spanish manners did not allow those frequent and frank communications between them in which young hearts reveal themselves and are attracted to each other. Charles paid assiduous court to the Infanta: he waited to see her when she went in and came out of church; at the theatre he kept his eyes fixed on her, and he liked to ride at the ring in her presence. Informed one day that she was going to the Casa di Campo to pluck flowers, he rose at a very early hour, and, followed by but one confidant, Endymion Porter, he entered the house and the garden. Not finding the lady of his thoughts, he at

length reached a private enclosure, closed by a wall and a heavy gate. Charles climbed over the wall and leaped into the enclosure; the Infanta uttered a shriek and fled; and the old servant, who accompanied her, fell on his knees, conjuring the prince not to compromise the honor and safety of his gray hairs. Charles was respectful and reserved. During the whole of his stay at Madrid he continued to be gallant and eager with the Infanta, but neither his actions, nor his letters, nor contemporary documents, show that his heart was seriously affected, and in this negotiation love did not come to the aid of policy.

Another difficulty the Prince of Wales had to contend with was the arrogance of Buckingham, who rendered himself odious to all the Spanish grandees. The king treated him with great coldness, the council of state disputed his right to take part in the negotiations, and went so far as to say that "they would sooner throw the Infanta down a well than place her in his hands." The affair of the dispensation, however, still dragged on, and the Pope wrote flattering letters to Prince Charles and Buckingham, urging them to come over to the true faith. In vain did Charles press Olivarez to come to a settlement, otherwise he should be compelled to return to England. The prime minister had a ready-made excuse in the death of Gregory XIV., and the necessity of having the dispensation ratified by his successor, Urban VIII. Still, when the court of Madrid learned that James I. had sworn to all the articles proposed, and that measures favorable to the Catholics were being introduced, the Spanish obstinacy and reserve were slightly relaxed, and the marriage articles were drawn up, under promise that the betrothal should take place on the 29th of August following. This was followed up by a threat on the part of Charles to depart without the Infanta, unless word were kept with him; and if the court of Madrid had really desired the marriage, this menace might have had some effect, but they had begun to detest the English, great numbers of whom had by this time flocked round the prince. Among these was Archie, the king's jester, who never missed a chance of saying disagreeable things to the Spaniards. Thus, on one occasion, some one said in his presence that it was very surprising the Duke of Bavaria, with only fifteen thousand men, had dared to attack the Elector Palatine, son-

in-law of James I., who had twenty-five thousand, and thoroughly routed him. "I will tell you," said Archie, "something far more surprising: how was it possible, in 1538, that a fleet of one hundred and forty vessels left Spain to invade England, and that not even ten of them returned to tell what had become of the rest?" Personally, Charles was liked by the Spaniards; but he was neither firm enough nor clever enough to repair the faults of his comrade. The Infanta's confessor was greatly opposed to the match, and ardently turned his young penitent from it. "Do you know," he would say to her, "what misfortune and malediction you will incur? You will have every night at your side a man condemned to the fires of hell." The Infanta was horrified, turned melancholy, and sedulously avoided the prince, who persisted in seeking her without loving or being loved. To escape from this ridiculous situation, Prince Charles saw no other mode than to hurriedly return to England, leaving in suspense at Madrid all the questions which he had flattered himself with settling by his chivalrous journey. On September 7th, the King of Spain and the Prince of Wales confirmed, by a new act, the articles to which King James had sworn, and Philip promised that, if he would return to Madrid at the following Christmas, the marriage would be immediately celebrated, although the departure of the Infanta still remained fixed for the spring.

The Infanta had received the marriage presents some time before; she bore the title of Princess of England, took English lessons assiduously, and when the two envoys of King James appeared before her, they did not remain covered, according to the Spanish custom, for they no longer regarded her as the Infanta, but as their princess. When the news of the Prince of Wales's approaching departure spread through Madrid, people were surprised, and asked whether he were afraid of being kept there against his will. To this suspicion Buckingham proudly replied: "It was love that impelled the prince to come to Spain; it will not be fear that makes him leave it; he will go away when he thinks proper in broad daylight." The Infanta said, on hearing it: "If he loved me he would not go away." Before the departure presents were exchanged, the King of Spain giving the prince eighteen Spanish horses, six Barbs, six brood mares, and twenty colts, all su-

perbly harnessed. Charles offered the Infanta a necklace of two hundred and fifty magnificent pearls, two pairs of pearl earrings, and a diamond of great value. The King of Spain accompanied the prince part of the way to the coast; on the road they killed a stag in a little wood, where they found a table richly laid out. A small marble column had already been erected on the spot, and before this Philip and Charles renewed their protestations of alliance and friendship. No sooner had they separated, than Charles sent a messenger to the English envoy with instructions not to let out of his hands the procuration which the prince had given him, and by which he authorized Philip IV., or the Infant Don Carlos, to proceed in his name to the celebration of the marriage. A rumor had been spread that, once the marriage ceremony was performed, the Infanta, sooner than live with a heretic, would retire to a convent, thus leaving the Prince of Wales married and without a wife. Such was the distrust and suspicion connected with the solemn protestations and promises of friendship! When Charles got on board the English fleet at Santander, his remark was, "It is a great folly and weakness of the Spaniards to let me depart so freely, after having treated me so badly."

Charles's return to London was a magnificent ovation; all the bells rang out a merry peal, and the churches were filled with persons offering up thanks for his safe return. He hastened off at once to join his father at Royston, and James appeared to be tolerably satisfied with the result. The pledges of the Spaniards to restore his son-in-law, the Palatine, to his states, were rather vague, and he said, "I am not at all inclined to marry my son with my daughter's tears for a dower." James's next step was to send instructions to his envoy at Madrid to put off the ceremony of betrothal till Christmas, which placed Lord Bristol in an awkward dilemma, for, since Prince Charles's departure, he had been doing all in his power to dissipate doubts, and persuade the prince and the Infanta that they were really attached to each other. The King of Spain, however, felt so persuaded that James's heart was set on the marriage, that he made all preparations, and, as the Papal dispensation had at length arrived, the betrothal was fixed for November 29, and the marriage for December 9. To

get out of this, James began a squabble about the Infanta's dower of two millions of crowns, which he insisted on receiving in hard cash, instead of part payment in jewels and annuities, as proposed by the Spanish court. He also insisted on a clear understanding about what was to be done in the matter of the Palatine. The court of Madrid was astounded by this firmness on the part of the usually vacillating monarch, and the cool way in which he treated the Spanish envoys, and the friendliness he displayed towards the French ambassador heightened their anxiety.

James was horribly perplexed what to do, and, without absolutely breaking with the Spanish court, recalled his envoy, the Earl of Bristol, the only Englishman in whom the Spaniards placed confidence. On his departure, Olivarez offered him a considerable sum of money, and pressed him to accept, as no one would know about it. "Pardon me," Bristol replied; "there is some one who will know it, and inform the King of England of the fact, and that is the Earl of Bristol." So soon as they learned that Bristol was recalled, Philip IV. and his council regarded the marriage of the Infanta as abandoned, and, though they did not declare it formally, they manifested their conviction by their actions. The Infanta gave up her English lessons, and though the presents were not at once returned, it was openly stated that they would be so as soon as their suspicions were confirmed. At the same time, Philip went to Andalusia and inspected the fleet. Nothing was so disagreeable to James as the prospect of a war with Spain; for, as he wisely remarked, that would not restore the palatinate to his son-in-law. He therefore summoned Parliament, and laid the whole affair of the Spanish marriage before it. The great mass of the people were opposed to it, and Buckingham placed himself at the head of the opposition. The Spanish ambassadors intrigued against the favorite and almost dethroned him. He lost the king's favor for some time, but by a fortunate chance Buckingham was enabled to lay bare the trickery of the Spaniards, and the king and Buckingham became friends again. The end of the whole affair was that the two Houses declared that the king could no longer, with honor, continue the negotiations for the Spanish marriage. At the same time they voted a sum of money for the prosecution of the war, should it break out.

Under the circumstances, the French court thought it advisable to try and take the place of the Spaniards, and, after some beating about the bush, James sent Lord Kensington to Paris early in 1624, with instructions to sound the disposition of the King of France and the queen-mother. Shortly after, the Earl of Carlisle was sent to back up Lord Kensington, and found that he had to negotiate with a man of very different mental calibre from himself, the Cardinal de Richelieu. When their lordships had declared the purport of their common mission, Louis XIII. appointed four commissioners to treat with them, the cardinal being at their head. Matters went on very satisfactorily as far as the French were concerned, but the Pope did not at all like the idea of the match. He went so far as to say that if Louis XIII. would give up the English marriage, the King of Spain would gladly ask the hand of Henrietta for his brother, the Infant Don Carlos, to whom he would secure the sovereignty of the Catholic Low Countries after the death of the Infanta Isabella. Marie de Médicis did not let herself be caught by these offers, however, and Louis XIII. contented himself with answering, "My zeal for the Catholic religion is no less than that of the King of Spain. It is the only thing which delays my sister's marriage."

The great hitch in the affair was the engagement James should enter into as to the treatment of the English Catholics. He offered a verbal promise not to execute the laws passed against them, and to tolerate the free exercise of their religion in their houses. The French negotiators demanded a written and official oath. James consented to the terms, but then came another difficulty: the Frenchmen wanted the engagement inserted in the marriage contract, and to this James did not dare assent, as it would be laid before Parliament, and there would be no chance of carrying it through. To these reasons Louis XIII. yielded, and the only thing now remaining was to obtain the dispensation from Rome. As his emissary to the Pope Richelieu selected a remarkably astute man, Père de Berulle, who defeated all the schemes by which the Papal See tried to evade giving its assent to the marriage. The ceremony was arranged, and the Duc de Chevreuse was to act as proxy for the Prince of Wales, but just at the time James I. was taken ill and died. Death, however, does not derange the course of regal relations: three days after, Charles I. ratified the treaty, and the contract was signed on May 8, 1625, at the Louvre, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld on the 11th.

From The Saturday Review.

THE BRITISH SUTTEE.

A CURIOUS chapter might be written on the tortures to which the human female has subjected herself for the sake of concealing what she evidently conceives to be the normal ugliness of her shape. The desire is peculiar to her alone out of the whole list of animate creation. It is not even shared by the male of her own species. Man has never been ashamed of his outlines. Such vestimentary sufferings as he has been exposed to in the changing course of fashion have rather resulted from an undue desire to exhibit them. There were days when a satirist could make a man of fashion dismiss his tailor with the admonition—"And mind you, sir, if I can get into my leather breeches, I won't have them." In such times, a hook fixed into the wall was a regular part of a gentleman's dressing apparatus, so that by hanging his accurately made garments to it, he could have the assistance of the force of gravitation in the difficult labor of inserting himself into them. But though such efforts undoubtedly prove that the French proverb, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, was unjust in its exclusively feminine application, yet they cannot be said to have indicated any solicitude on the man's part to conceal the human outline. But the woman, in various climes and ages, has been possessed with an irrepressible anxiety to distort an original with which she is so little satisfied, and has been deterred by no suffering from her aim. Physical pain has not frightened the Chinese woman from crushing her feet, or the Polynesian from elongating her ears. Neither fear of dyspepsia or suffocation, nor the misery of life-long compression, prevented our mothers from giving, by hard squeezing, an elegant air of fragility to their waists. The faults of the present fashion are certainly not in the same direction. If the young lady of the last generation had a taste for squeezing herself, the young lady of the present generation wisely prefers to squeeze her neighbors. She does not err by detracting from, but rather by amplifying the bounty of nature. Her aim appears to be to persuade the male animal that the natural form of his appointed helpmate is that of a bell-shaped tent with a small protuberance of arms and features struggling out of the top of it. "*Desinit in diving-bell mulier formosa superne*," would be the macaronic adaptation

necessary to describe the mermaid of modern times. But the chase after this singular ideal involves the risk of considerably greater suffering than was heretofore attached to similar efforts. The fashion of low grates and voluminous tarlatans combined has recently produced a succession of terrible accidents. "A blaze of beauty" used to be a penny-a-lining metaphor; but if matters go on as they have been doing lately, it is likely, in the most literal sense, to form an ornament of our drawing-rooms far more often than could be wished.

It must be acknowledged that there is great originality in this peculiar form of danger; and as originality is the great recommendation of a marriageable young lady in these days, the thought will no doubt go far to console all those who are not quite burned to death. Never before, probably, in the history of human folly, did people ever lay a train of highly combustible matter between their own combustible clothing and a point some six feet off, and carry this inflammable arrangement about with them into the immediate neighborhood of fireplaces and gaslights. The only precedent on record which at all approximates to the present case is that of the Frenchman who desired to commit suicide in an original manner, and accordingly stuffed his ear with gun-cotton, and then applied the end of his cigar to it. But then the Frenchman was fully aware that a blaze would be the probable result, which does not yet appear to have dawned upon the young ladies. They seem to be wholly ignorant of the natural law, that if even the hundredth yard of the tarlatan wherewith they are encompassed should catch fire, all the other intervening yards will catch fire too. And what that hundredth yard of tarlatan is doing—whether it is scorching, smouldering, or blazing—the wearer herself is much too far off to know. When Sydney Smith saw a child trying to please a tortoise by tickling its shell, he said it was like stroking the dome of St. Paul's in order to soothe the Dean and Chapter. A young lady is not quite so far off from her external clothing as the assembled dignitaries from the dome under which they are sitting; but she is quite as ignorant of what is befalling it. And her crinoline, unlike the dome in question, is not only movable, but has a sportive and capricious movement of its own. A profound mathematician,

no doubt, could calculate with accuracy every curve of the sinuous course, as it waggles from side to side behind its mistress when she walks across the room. But to unlearned eyes its wags are quite inscrutable, and defy all calculation. At one moment, it disports itself amid a tray of curious china, at another it winds round the legs of an unwary gentleman who is not used to its ways; and after creating havoc among all the unstable pieces of furniture in the room, and putting the footman who is bringing in the tea through a series of the most formidable feats of agility, it is likely enough to end with a graceful sweep into the grate. If its covering is silk or woollen, nothing comes of it but a scorch; but if it be muslin, there must be a blaze. The unfortunate wearer cannot help herself; for, as Nature did not calculate upon crinoline, and gave her no eyes in the back of her head, she cannot keep a watch over its pranks. Her only chance is to act like the helmsman of a badly steering ship, and give a wide berth to everything. But a knowledge of the precautions necessary in drawing-room navigation under the crinoline *régime* does not come by nature; and while young ladies are gaining their experience, their novitiate is cut short by a conflagration. Of course, many remedies have suggested themselves to affrighted parents. One gentleman announces that he keeps all his grates well blockaded by a huge fireguard; for which, if frosty weather should ever return to us, his affectionate family will bless him. The favorite remedy is the application of a solution of tungstate of soda, which would certainly render the dresses non-inflammable, and, it is said, would not injure the appearance of the stuff. But for its possessing this indispensable merit, we have only the word of some eminent chemists; and the young ladies are not inclined to accept their authority on so delicate a matter. Moreover, the peculiar ways of manufacturers must be taken into consideration. There can be no doubt that they would carefully apply the solution to the extreme end of each piece of stuff, so as to enable the customer to test it at a candle in the shop, and entirely to satisfy her prejudices. But if any manufacturer did more than this, he would certainly be behaving in a very untradesman-like manner. Failing these remedies, it would be very desirable that some ingenious mechanist should devise some machine for enabling every lady to steer her own crinoline. A few steel rods in addition to the present cage work would be no great increase of weight, and it would

give a lady the satisfaction of knowing for certain where her crinoline was going.

On the whole, however, the general impression appears to be that the danger is unavoidable, and that a store of wet blankets kept in constant readiness, and hung like buckets in the passage, is the only remedy. In economical houses, the same precaution may be provided by occasionally watering the rug. These safeguards will probably be sufficient if the non-blazing portion of the company are prompt enough in applying them. The art of putting out a young lady will no doubt become a regular item in the education of a gentleman. Just as nice young men are valued now for their dexterity in putting on a lady's shawl or cloak, so, in a few years, the ideal dandy will be known by his skill in throwing a young lady down and rolling her in the rug or blanket. It is probable that after a time the men will get accustomed to their duties as drawing-room firemen, and will not be backward to perform them. Of course, a still simpler escape from the danger, even than the wet blankets or wet rugs, would be found if young ladies would abandon the practice of inserting themselves into the centre of muslin balloons. This seems the simplest way out of the trouble, especially as the Empress of the French, at whose bidding the *cage* was originally introduced among the obsequious fashionables of London, is understood no longer to insist on it. But these specious hopes are not likely to be realized. The fashion of crinoline rests on foundations too sure to be easily shaken. In the first place, it consumes three or four times more material than the garb of ten years ago; and is therefore naturally popular with the dressmakers, who, if not the lawgivers of fashion, are at least the infallible exponents and interpreters of its decrees. Then it gratifies some very pardonable passions of the female heart. It enables a woman who is tolerably rich, and wishes to be thought very rich, to impress her wealth very emphatically on her neighbors; and it gives to women with bad figures a good chance of looking nearly as well as their more favored rivals. Now, as the majority of fashionable women are women who wish to seem either richer than they are or prettier than they are, it is clear that crinoline has attained a position from which it will not be easily dislodged. Something would be gained towards the preservation of human life if only non-inflammable stuffs were worn upon this much-prized garment. But, unluckily, muslin and tarlatan are advertisements of youth, and have, consequently, a stronger hold on feminine affections than even crinoline itself. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to provide an abundant supply of cold water, to be liberally applied on the first suspicion of danger.

From The London Review.

MR. STORY'S "ROME."*

To have seen Rome is the crown of a liberal education; but he who sees it must bring an instructed mind, as well as eager eyes. This spectacle, for its true contemplation, requires some faculties beyond the mere taste for picturesque confusion of scenery, or for the marvels of plastic and pictorial art. It requires an imagination prepared by historical studies to comprehend "the Eternal city," as the monument of two completed phases of the world's civilization,—a breadth of intelligence, as well as a warmth of sympathy, capable of embracing those vast human interests which were once centred in the Empire and the Papacy of ages past. It requires, finally, in the daylight of the present time, a clear perception that the former things, of which Roman majesty was the symbol, have virtually passed away; that by the new political and religious conditions of Europe, the city of the Tiber is designated for the seat of a modern kingdom, and not of a universal dominion. It requires, in short, that we should look to her possible future as the capital of Italy, undazzled by the mystic splendor of her Imperial or her Papal reign. When thus viewed by the heirs of European culture, scholars of classical literature, disciples of Western Christianity, Rome will be to them still radiant with bright and glowing recollections; while, to the believers in social progress, to those who have faith in their own age, Rome displays plain tokens of the decay and approaching downfall of an obsolete temporal and spiritual despotism, which must soon give place to national unity and to civil and religious freedom. Such are the considerations most likely now to occur to a thoughtful English visitor in Rome.

But it is difficult for the ordinary tourist to spare time for reflection amidst all the bustle of inspecting the churches, the palaces, the galleries, the studios, the ruins, and the catacombs, besides attending the afternoon carriage parade on Monte Pincio, and the evening parties in the English quarter, which chiefly occupy the precious days of his sojourn in Rome. With all these distractions, and the imperative duty of hastily gazing at all the famous shows of the place, he is a resolute man who can pause to gather up his

thoughts of Rome, combining what he sees with that which he has read before. Let him do this, in an hour of pregnant meditation such as Gibbon enjoyed when "sitting among the ruins of the Capitol;" and then, if he possess a well-stored and vigorous mind, he may see the majestic procession, as it were, of the successive powers, "which each the likeness of a kingly crown had on," setting forth in past centuries from Rome, to sway the destinies of mankind; and he may view this as a symbol of the substantial unity, beneath its various aspects, of that common life of Europe over whose development—first in its classical, and secondly in its mediæval stage—Rome has twice presided. These ideas freely enter the mind that is open to the intellectual influences which beset it at Rome; and no experience is more suggestive than this. But to how many of the thousands who yearly winter in Rome, is this moment of fruitful contemplation granted? *Non cuivis homini contigit adire Corinthum*; and of those who do go to lodge for a month in the Piazza di Spagna, and to lounge between the Colosseum and the Vatican, few perhaps are allowed by their leisure and by their habits of mind to indulge in historical reflections.

But if a single visit to Rome may be fraught with such opportunities of instruction, it is certainly worth our while to share the observations of an accomplished Englishman or American who has resided there for many years. Why is it, by the way, that several American writers have entered with singular fidelity into descriptions of Rome? In the vividness and fidelity of their local coloring, they have excelled whatever has lately been written by our own countrymen on this subject. Though no transatlantic poet has yet equalled the Roman stanzas of "Childe Harold," on the other hand, neither Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, nor any other of our novelists, has succeeded like Mr. Hawthorne in rendering our impressions, whether felt in an evening visit to the Colosseum, or, as a contrast, beneath the fair dome of St. Peter's, or in any of those other well-known scenes, where the sentiment which it is customary to experience nevertheless affects us as a surprise. Above all, no writer has succeeded like Mr. Hawthorne in diffusing through the whole atmosphere of his romance that peculiar breath of Modern Rome—that strange, sweet,

* *Roba di Roma*. By W. W. Story. In two volumes. Chapman & Hall.

perilous air, heavily laden, as it were, with the fragrance of living Italy mingled with the dank vapors of Rome's secular decay—the scent of flowers, the smoke of incense, the taint of pestilence, the hallowed dust of innumerable graves—an intoxicating air to be inhaled with precaution, since for the mind, as for the body, there is a Roman fever infesting that clime.

Americans, therefore, of the educated and literary class, though probably less addicted than the English to Latin scholarship, yet usually taking an eager interest in the historical antiquities of the Old World, have done ample homage to the *genius loci* at Rome. Mr. Story, the artist whose fortunate creations of the Egyptian Queen and the Libyan Sibyl were esteemed among the noblest pieces of sculpture in our Great Exhibition last year, gives us, in these two volumes, the results of his long personal acquaintance with Rome. He tells us that in December, 1856, he returned for the third time to that "dear old city," and fixed his abode there. "No one lives long in Rome without loving it," is his confession; though it is probable that the same may be said of every other place by those most happily gifted in their constitution and circumstances who have long resided there. Yet it is undeniable that the charms of a Roman life, unfelt at first, do grow upon the mind after months, and even years, of sojourn at Rome, when curiosity has long ago been satiated, and when every object of artistic or antiquarian interest has been thoroughly explored. In a city which, by its ecclesiastic and despotic government, is jealously secluded from the general movement of the world, like the "still salt pool" of Tennyson's poem that but dimly overhears the plunging waves outside marking the onward tide-flow of human affairs, the oversensitive or the over-refined, having lost the illusions, if not the faith and courage of their youth, may repose in the passive enjoyment of those pleasures which Rome can best afford,—the pleasures of memory, of fancy, and of taste. For the intellectual lotus-eater, unless he will go to finish his dream in Damascus, there is no spot like Rome, so long as, the Pope still reigning, and being impotent to change, Rome remains "a land where all things always seemed the same." We hasten to declare that Mr. Story is by no means one of those foreign residents in Rome

who would selfishly, for the quieter and more exclusive gratification of their æsthetic tastes, prefer the continued suppression of her civil and national life. On the contrary, though he has forborne from set political dissertations, he freely expresses his opinion of the rottenness and inevitable ruin of the Pope's temporal government, as well as his contempt for the gross frauds and superstitions by which the Romish Church, at least in Italy and in France, is deformed. The whole tenor of his book about Rome, which in this respect we may compare to Mr. Adolphus Trollope's about Florence, is characterized by a cheerful, kindly sympathy with the popular life of the Italians. "Roba di Roma," which may be translated "Roman Matters," is a title not sufficiently precise for the contents of these two volumes, which might have been styled "Manners and Customs of the People at Rome." Mr. Story is indeed fully impressed with the considerations to which we have alluded, respecting the historical and monumental character of Rome. In his chapter on the Colosseum, and many incidental digressions, he opens that vein of meditative conjecture and inquiry about the Rome of past ages, which other and more learned investigators have perhaps nearly worked out; but his knowledge of Roman antiquities does not claim to be very accurate or profound. He blunders strangely, for instance, when he speaks of the site of the Ara Coeli as having been once occupied by the Temple of Venus and Rome. But these are not the points on which he invites us chiefly to consult him, and we must not, therefore, bear too hardly on the manifest defects of his erudition, though his etymology of *primavera* as "the first true thing," i.e., the spring of the year, does strike us as supremely ridiculous. It is much pleasanter to thank him for the really valuable additions he has made to our acquaintance with the social life and domestic habits of the actual Roman population. The scenes which have grown so familiar to him, and of which he has grown so fond, in his thoughtful and observant rambles through the by-streets and market-places of the city, or along the highways of the Campagna, are depicted in these pleasant volumes with a graphic power, and a hearty human sympathy, not surpassed by any author of those local sketches in Italy which have been abundantly produced of late. The cheap theatres,

one of which, in the open air, is held in the Mausoleum of Divus Augustus, where clowns and harlequins now tumble in a pantomime, or brisk comedians recite a laughable farce,—the puppet-shows, the street-musicians, the wandering mummers, the eternal beggars, including that renowned old cripple Beppo, who claims a personal friendship with every visitor to Rome,—the coffee-houses and wine-shops, with their habitual guests, and all the apparatus for eating and drinking in places of vulgar resort,—the whole physiognomy of retail trade in such crowded markets as those of the Piazza Navona and the Pantheon,—the romantic attire and simple habits of the peasantry, whose wagons, drawn by superb white oxen, encumber the neighborhood of the forum,—the popular festivals, half-Catholic, half-Pagan in their origin, which afford tumultuous recreation to an ignorant, though not a morose or vicious race,—the ceremonies of birth, baptism, betrothal, marriage, and burial, which attend on the individual existence of the Romans,—these are Mr. Story's favorite themes. One of his best and fullest chapters is devoted to a minute account of all the games commonly played at Rome, from which it is evident that in sports with a ball, requiring much athletic strength and hardihood, the vaunted prowess of our English cricket-players is fairly matched. Another chapter is occupied with the Ghetto, or Jew-

ish quarter, which has, however, been frequently described by previous writers. In general, he has refrained from dwelling upon those features of Rome and Roman life which others have already depicted, and especially from descanting on topics which belong to the domain of the fine arts. Those hackneyed praises of the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, the Dying Gladiator, and the pictures of Raffaele, which greet us in every book of Italian travel, are excluded here. With the Church ceremonials and observances he meddles no more than to discuss their influence on the morality and intelligence of the people, leaving it to the annual flock of Protestant connoisseurs to admire or to deride, as they will, the ecclesiastical pomps and shows of an alien creed. Mr. Story, however, as an enlightened looker-on, a Liberal and Protestant of English race and culture, has small reverence for the Papal system, either in Church or State, and does not fear to expose its corruptions, though writing without any polemical intent. His concluding chapters, on saint-worship and the prevailing superstitions, are not the least instructive part of his book. "Roba di Roma" supplies, upon the whole, together with an immense variety of entertaining anecdotes, just that information which is wanted about the modern Romans themselves, and their ways of every-day life.

FREEZING TO DEATH.—I have personal knowledge of many instances of persons being frozen to death. It is astonishing in how short a time a man will freeze to death—in an hour, even in less time. I shall mention a few cases only out of many.

What physiologically takes place when a man freezes to death, is nowhere accurately described that I know of. It is commonly stated that there is a great tendency to sleep, which must be resisted, else death will follow, as if sleep of itself was the dangerous thing. No doubt sleep, or an exhaustion resembling sleep, overtakes a person chilled through, and should he give way to repose and not carry on that exercise which generates caloric, would cool more and more down unto death, and then freeze. A man frozen to death cannot describe what his feelings were; but there are many persons to be met with in rigorous climates who have been on the brink of perishing in this way, and from these, by proper inquiries and my personal experience, the facts are easily ascertained.

What does take place is—the person is generally fatigued and hungry; commences to cool

down in the limbs and surface first; the blood returning thence, diminishes the temperature of the interior blood with which it mixes, pulse after pulse.

Proof. Thirty years since, when it was the fashion to bleed for accidents, the blood from a cold arm and hand escaping from the basilic vein might be found at 50 degrees or less. Who has not often experienced, when riding in a cold day, the face very cold, the parotid fluid trickling in cold gushes over his second superior molar tooth? The external blood, then, is much colder than natural. This constantly returning cold blood tends to reduce the temperature of the whole mass, cooling the interior. The pulse diminishes in volume, becomes thready, almost ceases; listlessness like sleep comes on, insensibility follows, breathing ceases—death. Then it is that the body freezes in a short time, for the interior as well as the exterior requires but a few degrees more reduction to become solidified. These facts are of frequent occurrence in cold climates, and escape notice by the ignorant mass; but intelligent and reasoning persons perceive them, and know them well.—Dr. NELSON.

From The Spectator.

THE TWO WORLDS IN THE MOON.

MR. CRAMPTON, in the just published edition of his clever little work on the Lunar World, tells us an amusing story of an enthusiastic friend of his own who holds that the "Heavenly Jerusalem" is preparing on the other side of the Moon—which is, indeed, the reason why she always faces about so provokingly just so as to keep the vision out of sight, like a tantalizing parent revolving on his own axis in order to keep pockets loaded with Christmas presents from the aggressive curiosity of the children till the proper moment arrives. When Mr. Crampton suggested to his friend that the Moon, so far as we see her, is very like what Dr. Whewell calls her—a big cinder wholly devoid of the conditions of earthly life and growth—the gentleman who had ascertained the site of the New Jerusalem replied triumphantly that this was exactly the strength of his case: "This side, it is true, is barren, but the Heavenly Jerusalem is on the other side, purposely concealed from us till the time comes."

This suggestion, sanguine as it seems, so far as it merely asserts that the Moon modestly puts the *worst* face on the matter, in relation to our earth, is not without real scientific support. A modern German astronomer, Professor Hausen, has, or is believed to have, made a discovery which raises all kinds of speculations about this rather tantalizing satellite. He has discovered and proved, as he thinks, that this side of the Moon is nothing but a mountain range raised twenty-nine miles above the average level of the Moon's surface; or, to express the same thing more technically, that the centre of gravity of the Moon is not her geometrical centre, but twenty-nine miles on the opposite side of her geometrical centre. That is, the more solid part of the Moon would be on the far side from the earth, and all that we see of her would be a bulging hemisphere, comparatively much less dense and weighty, projecting twenty-nine miles beyond the surface which the moon ought to show to us if the density were equal throughout, and if the hemisphere on this side therefore were uniform in weight and form with the hemisphere on the other side. Professor Hausen supposes, in fact,—and astronomers appear to think he has proved his case,—that the Moon turns a sort of tower of crusty, broken, porous, and

therefore lighter substance to the earth, so that we see only an exaggerated Alpine or Andes region projecting nearly thirty miles beyond the average level of the lunar surface. If this be true, there are all sorts of provoking consequences. As we never get a glimpse at the other side of the Moon, who keeps always facing about just so as to avoid showing us her other hemisphere, we never get a glimpse at the average level of the lunar surface. Hence all our conclusions as to the inhabitability of the Moon, derived from a knowledge that no clouds and no atmosphere of any appreciable degree exist on *this* side of the Moon, are untrustworthy. Twenty-nine miles above the average surface of the earth the rarity of even our own atmosphere would be probably so great as to render it scarcely appreciable at all, even to astronomical instruments, and quite unequal to the support of any of the vegetable or animal life of our earth. Accordingly, conjecture may take full possession of this invisible side of the Moon;—and conjecture does, in fact, give it back the atmosphere which had been denied it, the outer margin of which is supposed so far to touch the mountain heights of this barren side, as to justify those astronomers who fancy they have seen proof of a very thin atmosphere in the refraction of stars just on the edge of the Moon, and to confirm the assertion of the astronomer Schröter, that he had discovered traces of twilight there, which could, of course, only be due to an atmosphere of some kind. Thus much may certainly be granted, that if Professor Hausen's discovery be true, the lunar atmosphere, if it exist at all, would certainly be attracted to the opposite or heavy side, and might well fail to be sensible at an elevation of twenty-nine miles, even though quite dense enough to support terrestrial life and vegetation at the average level of the lunar surface. It gives no proof that such an atmosphere exists, but does give very good reasons why, if there be one, we have failed to detect it with any certainty.

But if this be so, and if, as a consequence, a lunar population exists, but exists on the averted side of the Moon, this is certainly a very curious and startling exception to the argument from design which has been so often reasonably pressed, and often again pressed much too far, in astronomical speculation. For what should we then have but an ar-

rangement which would promote life exactly where the reflected light of the earth could not be available at all, and render life impossible exactly where the light of the earth is brilliantly visible? When we remember that to the possible inhabitants of the Moon the night is three hundred and twenty-eight hours (a fortnight) long,—while the earthlight, if seen, would be fourteen times as brilliant as our moonlight, or equivalent to fourteen such moons as we see, there seems something distressingly arbitrary in an arrangement which grants all the conditions of life where there is no such lamp during the long night,—and withholds them exactly where such a substitute for sunlight exists.

But, perhaps, it may be said that it is entirely gratuitous to suppose an atmosphere essential to the existence of rational life, and that, therefore, there is no reason why the luminous cinder which we behold should not be peopled by living beings organized somewhat differently from ourselves. The answer is very simple. Of course, we cannot disprove the existence of rational or spiritual life *anywhere* in space, for so far as the Infinite and Eternal life is concerned we believe that it exists everywhere alike: but so far as we localize to any extent the life of finite and organized beings like our own, we must do so under conditions as nearly as possible resembling our own. The only reason why we pitch upon satellites, planets, or stars, at all, rather than empty space, as possible residences for beings like ourselves, is that there we have those physical conditions of rest and motion, and a confining attraction, which liken the situation very much to ours. The Moon seems a likelier place than the interlunar spaces for sentient beings only because on the Moon there would be a gravitating chain to keep them within limits, and a solid surface to walk, stand, or lie down upon. But if this gives us more reason to expect organized beings, than we should have without it, it necessarily follows that the existence of any other universal physical condition of our life, which exists or is absent on the Moon gives us so much more reason to expect or deny the existence of beings organized like ourselves there. Now if we suppose for a moment that there is a real and substantial atmosphere on the other side of the Moon, while there is no such atmosphere on this side, let us consider how fundamentally different the life of the

Cislunites and the Ultramontane Lunites must be, and how infinitely more like ourselves the Ultramontane Lunites, who can never see the earth, would be than their inaccessible neighbors, the Cislunites, who do not indulge in lungs, but whose eyes enjoy the advantage of that luminous spectacle.

In the first place, bodies must be organized on a totally different principle, if lungs are to be given to the one and denied to the other; not only the lungs, but the whole circulating system would be essentially different; there could be no distinction between the arterial and venous blood without the lungs,—even if there could be any animal heat or blood at all without them. Most scientific men hold that without an atmosphere the sun's heat would never accumulate sufficiently to permit of any fluid or liquid form of matter. Even the gases they suppose to be frozen on this side of the Moon,—just as at a very moderate height in our atmosphere, even under a tropical sun, the cold is intense enough to freeze mercury. Hence it is obvious enough, not only that the whole bodily organization must be utterly different on the possible atmospheric and non-atmospheric face of the Moon,—but all that depends thereon. Chemistry, physiology, medical and surgical science must be totally different in the opposite hemispheres. You cannot easily imagine any one common disease, or common remedy, except the knife, in the two worlds; and even steel without fire—and where all the gases are solid, combustion must be at least difficult—cannot be manufactured in earthly fashion. Where there is no air at all, the inconveniences or overcrowding must be small, because purely mechanical; epidemic diseases can scarcely exist, and both smells and sounds must be faint. Solid whispering galleries must supply (if there be ears) the place of atmospheric vibrations, and a Cislunist audience must be connected with the speaker, or rather, perhaps, sound-maker (for without the medium of air the tongue and lips would scarcely be chosen to originate the vibrations) by some solid nexus. Again, without steam or wind the Cislunists would have no great natural motive power unless the fourteen days' continuous sunshine developed some great store of heat, of which we know nothing;—and this, without the accumulating folds of the atmospheric blanket, we cannot think likely. Without air and water there could be no vegetables in our sense, and

no birds or fishes,—and little or no color as distinguished from light and shade. It would be a world only of photographic art, if any; for it is the reflecting and refracting power of the air which gives diffused tints and makes the heavens blue instead of black. Of all the lists of earthly occupations scarcely one would be possible in an airless and waterless and plantless world, the mineralogists, geologists, mathematicians, and pure mechanicians, alone excepted. Bakers, who depend on corn; brewers, on water and barley and hops; grocers, on tea, sugar, and raisins; sailors, on sea and wind, would clearly be even less possible than physicians and chemists. Sleep itself, if it existed, would be indistinguishable from death, as neither pulse nor breathing could exist, and a man would have to move to prove that he was alive. Drinking would be impossible,—and if eating remained, it would be essentially different, while the absence of animal heat, and of storm, wind, and rain, would render houses, clothing, and all such accessories of life entirely needless. In a word, the Cislunites must be, if they exist, infinitely more different from their neighbors the Ultramontane Lunites if the latter live in an atmosphere, than the latter are from us; indeed, the only really common physical apparatus which the two could have would be eyes and muscles,—in both of which the Cislunites would have the advantage; because

they would have a moon fourteen times as big as ours during the long night; and be much less troubled with their own weight at a height of twenty-nine miles above the surface of their world than their neighbors. Even in *Language* the whole field of metaphor and symbol must be utterly different. It is clear that if they have a Colenso, the controversy cannot turn on such a word as *Inspiration*; and that when they die they cannot be said to *expire*; nor can their term for "spirit" be derived from any word indicating the breath of life.

On the other hand, if there really be an atmosphere and a population on the other side of that lunar cinder, the people are probably (unless they sleep for a fortnight together, which is too beautiful to be true) very much more advanced in their astronomy than our earth, having so much longer uninterrupted periods for study of the heavens. But they must have been long embarrassed to know that they move round a centre of attraction that they can *never* see, nor hope to see; and must feel a certain annoyance at knowing that there would be such a splendid nocturnal lamp if they could but scale that inaccessible hemisphere of extra-atmospheric cinder at their antipodes.

A PROPHECY IN JEST.—The following extract from a burlesque article in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1821, entitled "Specimen of a prospective Newspaper, A. D. 4796," is curious:—

"The army of the Northern States (of America) will take the field against that of the Southern Provinces early next spring. The principal northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops. General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing five hundred weight. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of twenty feet square."

A subsequent article in this specimen states that, "by means of a new invention, Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days." How little did the writer anticipate that, in forty years, these to him wild fancies, would be almost real-

ized. It is worth notice that a war between the North and South was anticipated. H. S. G.

—Notes and Queries.

MEDICINE.—"In the Christian world the higher education is resolved into three *Faculties*—Theology, Jurisprudence, and Medicine; of which the first conducts our mental culture with reference to religion; the second with reference to the State and its business; the third with reference to the material world and the properties of its component parts. For Medicine, in its original and comprehensive sense, as one of the great divisions of human culture, must be considered as taking in the whole of physical science."—*Whewell, Elements of Morality, including Polity*, 1845, vol. ii. p. 321.

How is this shown to have been the "original sense" of medicine? J. D.

—Notes and Queries.

From *The Examiner*.

Biographical Sketches. By Nassau William Senior. Longman and Co.

THE main topic of this book, which consists of essays reprinted chiefly from the *Edinburgh Review*, is Law; and we think we may fairly call it the most delightful law-book we have ever read. Mr. Senior deals with law in its highest sense, as the expression of a nation's conscience in the working of the social compact. He tells of the experience of Berryer and Tronson de Coudray as lawyers before and during the great French revolution. From vivid sketches of the chaos of French revolution as seen from the lawyer's point of view in striking instances that suggest sound generalization, Mr. Senior turns in his next essay to Coke, as "one of the illustrious men to whom we owe the parliamentary independence on which our free institutions are based, and the judicial independence by which they are preserved;" to Sir Randolph Crewe, who "followed Coke's glorious example in declaring the unlawfulness of arbitrary taxation and imprisonment;" and to the experience of other foremost men in the line of English Chief Justices. Then he describes, and illustrates freely by curious examples, German Criminal Procedure. The relation of religion and of fanaticism to the constitution of society, and the influence that has been or might have been exercised by individual men over the future destinies of nations, is the subject of the next essay, which has for its theme the Cloister Life of Charles V. "If Luther," says Mr. Senior,—

"Had not been born, or if he had wanted any one of that wonderful assemblage of moral and intellectual excellences that enabled him to triumph in the most difficult contest that ever was waged by man, if he had had less courage, less self-devotion, less diligence, less sagacity, less eloquence, less prudence, or less sincerity, the Pope would still be the spiritual ruler of all Western Europe and America, and the peculiar doctrines of Romanism would prevail there, doubted indeed, or disbelieved, or unthought of, by the educated classes, and little understood by the uneducated, but conformed to by all.

"On the other hand, if Charles V. had been able, like the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse, to shake off the prejudices of his early education—if, like them, he had listened to Luther with candor, and, like them, had been convinced, and, instead of striving to crush the Reformation, had put himself at

its head, a train of consequences would have been set in motion not less momentous than those which would have followed the submission or the premature death of Luther.

The Reformation would have spread over the whole of Germany and of the Netherlands. The inhabitants of those vast countries were all eager to throw off the dominion of Rome, and were kept under her yoke only by the tyranny and persecution of Charles. Germany would have remained an empire. It required the enthusiasm of a religious cause to rouse her feudatories to rise against their sovereign, and to force on him a treaty which, in fact, admitted their independence. It was to the treaty of Passau, to the shock then given to the imperial sovereignty, that the Elector of Brandenburg, a hundred and fifty years after, owed his crown, and the emperor, who had recognized one of his vassals as a king, lost all real authority over the others.

"If the whole of Germany and the Low Countries had remained one united body, if the former had not been laid waste by the thirty years' war, and the latter by the war which produced the independence of the United Provinces, such an empire would have been the arbiter of the Continent. Flanders, Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche Comté would have remained German; France would not have been able twice to threaten the independence of Europe; a Bourbon would not now be reigning in Spain.

"No country would have gained so much by such a change in the course of events as Spain. In the first place, she would have become Protestant. Few of the phenomena of that remarkable period are more striking than the weakness of the hold which peculiar religious opinions then possessed over the bulk of the people of Europe. Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, turned the English backwards and forwards, from Romanism to Protestantism, and from Protestantism to Romanism, at the will, we had almost said at the caprice of the monarch for the time being. The pride of the Roman Catholics had not been roused by the rivalry of a new Church, with bishops and revenues and patronage and power and rank of its own. The Reformation appeared to them not the introduction of a hostile faith, but a purification of the old one, and wherever it was not persecuted it was adopted.

"Ireland may appear to be an exception; but the real sovereigns of the greater part of Ireland were then its native chieftains. Henry VIII. and his immediate successors were hostile pretenders. And it may be added that the Reformation was not preached to the Celtic Irish. They could not read Latin, and no reformer wrote or preached in Irish."

From such topics, that lie at the very root of questions of social law and order, Mr. Senior turns to the lawyers again, and discusses Bacon's reasoning upon moral questions that concern yet more nearly the framework of society. The succeeding essay on Lord King—who from the beginning of this century until his death in 1833 steadfastly, actively, and with unswerving fidelity to his own sense of truth maintained, usually against Tory predominance, constitutional opinions in the House of Lords—is in good harmony with its predecessors. It is followed by another sketch of the disruption of political society, as seen in the old troubles of the Argentine Republics. The curious phases of man's social life disclosed in the very numerous anecdotes and narratives that enliven Mr. Senior's book, and in the most interesting way give force to its philosophy,—especially perhaps some of the opening tales of life under the French revolution,—justify, no doubt, the closing satire of a few pages devoted to Anecdotes of Monkeys. They are from the book of a writer who is strongly disposed to believe that “man is but a better breed of monkey.”

Mr. Senior's two French lawyers, MM. Berryer and Tronson de Coudray were both admitted to the bar in the same year, 1778. Their earliest cases illustrate the morals of the old *régime*. A gentleman of Normandy, for instance, when the Parliaments were exiled by Louis XV. in 1771, retired to Holland, leaving in a dull country mansion his wife to manage his affairs, and with her a son aged two-and-twenty. The son fell in love with the only pretty woman near, his mother's lady's-maid, and with his mother's consent married her. Two children were born. In 1774, the Parliaments being recalled, the absentee returned, and the young wife with her two children fled from before him into England. The son remained, and as he honestly refused to proceed for a divorce, his father, obtaining a *lettre de cachet*, procured his confinement in the prison of St. Yon. His cell was on the second floor of one of the towers, and from its window the son threw himself into the yard as the father was descending the staircase after a harsh interview. The young man, aged six-and-twenty, was a cripple for life; his father did not relent, but Government revoked the *lettre de cachet*, and the son fled to join in England his wife and children. There the family was maintained by M. Tu-

beuf, a French jeweller, who supplied funds at the request of the young man's mother and with the father's knowledge. The recovery of M. Tubeuf's money from the domestic despot was one of M. Berryer's first achievements as a lawyer.

Again, under the old *régime*, there was at Brussels a rich widow, Madame de Pestre de Seneffe, fifty or sixty years old, with seven children and many grandchildren.

“At a supper in the palace of the Prince de Soubise, a set of Parisian fashionables resolved that one of them should proceed to Brussels and marry the opulent widow. The necessary funds were supplied by a contribution, and the choice of the emissary was left to chance. The lot fell upon the Comte de Wargemont, a man of high family, and of considerable property, heavily encumbered.

“On his arrival at Brussels he introduced himself to Madame de Pestre, and secured the services of her maid and of her confessor. The maid concealed him one evening in her mistress's bedroom. In the middle of the night he showed himself. Madame de Pestre called for assistance. This was the signal for the appearance of the maid, who urged on her mistress the danger to her reputation of an *éclat*, and proposed that the advice of her confessor should be taken. The count protested that his indiscretion had been forced on him by the violence of his passion; and the confessor recommended that all scandal should be avoided by an immediate marriage. Madame de Pestre was weak enough to consent; but as she yielded, not to love, but to fear, she insisted that the marriage should take place in Brussels, that she and all her estates should continue subject to the laws of Flanders, that her husband should have no power to require her to enter France, that she should continue absolute mistress of her property, and that the only benefit derived by the count should be a life income of 20,000 francs, and 100,000 francs as capital.

“The marriage on these terms took place in February, 1776.

“The husband almost immediately quitted his wife, and in June wrote to ask her whether she could suppose that he had any motive for marrying an old woman except the full command of her fortune. A few days afterwards he informed her that he intended to seize all her property in France, and to force her to join him there. His attempts to execute these threats produced a compromise, in pursuance of which a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, in a suit instituted by the husband, was pronounced by the ecclesiastical tribunal of Mechlin; and the count, in exchange for all his claims under the marriage or the settlement, received

350,000 francs and an annuity of 10,000 more.

"The 350,000 francs, however, were soon spent, and the count renewed his legal warfare. He attempted to set aside the divorce, succeeded in getting possession of the French estates, and kept up a never-ending litigation respecting those in Belgium. Madame de Pestre died, worn out with care and vexation. The annexation of Belgium rendered the whole property of her children subject to the jurisdiction of the French laws, and the count spent the remainder of his life in persecuting them from tribunal to tribunal. M. Berryer was counsel for Madame de Pestre and for her descendants; and he dwells upon his exertions in their cause as one of the most arduous and one of the most brilliant parts of his professional career. They produced him on one occasion a curious testimony of admiration. M. de Wargemont was dead, and his sister, Madame de Querrieux, had succeeded to some of his claims, and apparently to some of his litigiousness. As her brother's representative, she prosecuted an appeal against the Pestre family. An elderly lady sat behind M. Berryer while he conducted the defence. She was observed to listen with great emotion, and as soon as he sat down, pressed him to accept, as a mark of her admiration, a ring made of the hair of her youth."

At the very outset of the Reign of Terror, on the fourteenth of July, M. Berryer was acting as secretary to a hastily formed bureau of his parish. It was a hot evening, the windows were open, and through a window some pikes bearing bloody heads were thrust into the room. One was the head of Launay, others the heads of Swiss massacred within the Bastille. Until that day all had thriven with M. Berryer, and the highest professional honors seemed to be within his grasp. But he then foresaw the immense perils of the time, and resolved to remain for life within the safe bounds of a private station. Meanwhile lawyers were abolished, it was open to all men to appear before the new tribunals as *défenseurs officieux*; and what tribunals were these for the advocate of law; In one of the metropolitan courts, the *Tribunal des Minimes*, here is the short report of a case:—

"The parties were two villagers from Montreuil, the matter in dispute a small estate. The plaintiff rested his claim on a deed of conveyance, which appeared on inspection to have nothing to do with the property; the defendant's case depended on uninterrupted

possession. 'How long,' said M. Le Roy Sermaise, 'has this possession lasted?' 'Why, citizen president,' replied the peasant, 'it must be at least eighty or ninety years, taking in my great-grandfather, my grandfather, my father, and myself.' 'Then' replied the judge, 'you ought to be satisfied; every one in his turn—yours has lasted long enough in all conscience—now let your poor neighbor have his.'"

Under the Reign of Terror the *loi des suspects*, that sent men and women sentenced but untied to the guillotine, covered murders of which the infamous frivolity is best perceived in the citation of examples.

"In 1787, money had been borrowed in Paris on printed debentures for £100 each, signed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence. They went by the name of *actions du Prince de Galles*. The transaction was an unfortunate one, the debentures were refused payment, lost their value, and disappeared. Six years afterwards, all persons concerned in their introduction into the Parisian market, or in their circulation, were accused as *contre-révolutionnaires*, and enemies of the people. The Duc de St. Aignan, a former client of M. Berryer, on whom a money-lender had forced some of these debentures, and who had obliged him by law to take them back, was among the accused. So was his duchess, a young woman of fashion, whom no one could suppose to have been acquainted with her husband's transactions. So were even the notaries in whose hands they were deposited, and their clerks; and even M. Chaudot, who had merely given a notarial attestation which he could not legally refuse. All were condemned, and all were executed.

"Another notary, M. Martin—a friend, like M. Chaudot, of M. Berryer—met at his door, on his return from a morning's walk, a gendarme, who required his immediate attendance before the revolutionary tribunal. He found there three persons accused of having signed a pedigree certificate, which had been deposited in his office. There was nothing objectionable in the certificate, but it was said that some ill use might be made of it. The public accuser simply asked him if the paper had been placed with him; and on his admitting it, required the tribunal to convict and sentence him to death, together with those previously accused. The tribunal instantly complied; the four prisoners were removed from the bar; room was found for them in the carriages which were setting off for the guillotine; and within three hours M. Martin was an unaccused man and an executed criminal.

"In the grand old castle of Canisy, near St. Lo in Normandy, is the portrait of a Madlle. de Faudoas, the daughter of a M. de Faudoas, who in 1793 was the proprietor of the castle and of the large estate dependent on it. It is that of a very pretty girl of eighteen, with a bright, gay expression. The Faudoas were popular in their neighborhood, and took no part in politics. In a letter to a young friend, Madlle. de Faudoas said, 'Ma chienne vient de mettre au monde quatre petits citoyens.' The letter was opened at the Paris post-office. She and her father were accused of being suspected of incivism, arrested in their castle, carried to Paris, and guillotined.

"My great grandmother, my grandmother, and my great aunt," said a lady whom we met at a neighboring chateau, 'were guillotined on the same day. My great grandmother was ninety years old. When interrogated, she begged them to speak louder, as she was deaf. "Ecrivez," said Fouquier-Tinville, "qui la citoyenne Noailles a conspiré sourdement contre la République." They were drawn to the Place de la République in the same tombereau, and sat, waiting their turn, on the same bench. My great aunt was young and beautiful. The executioner, while fastening her to the plank, had a rose in his mouth. The Abbé de Noailles, who was below the scaffold, disguised, to give them, at the risk of his life, a sign of benediction, was asked how they looked. "Comme si," he said, "elles allaient à la messe."'"

During the Reign of Terror M. Berryer gave up the public exercise of his profession. He could not act as *défenseur officieux* without a certificate of *civism*. He could not be sure of getting such a certificate from the violent men who formed the committee of his section, a brothel-keeper, a knife-grinder, a porter, and a shoe-cleaner. Their refusal would place him among the suspected. Meanwhile, to sit still and do nothing was to incur suspicion. He must appear busy, and obtained therefore from a friend the office of sub-agent in the National Treasury. Meanwhile at home, he and his wife sometimes brought their table out into the street for *le dîner patriotique* in the presence of passers-by, or Madame Berryer took her turn at the baker's as a watcher over the just and fair distribution of the loaves at prices regulated with consideration of the pocket, not of the baker, but of the poor citizens who were to be fed upon his substance.

Mr. Senior's account of the struggle which

resulted in the fall of Robespierre is full of life and action. In all the book a deep vein of thought runs through each series of incidents; we feel everywhere the movement of the philosophic mind, but it seldom appears disembodied as the pale didactic ghost that scares so many readers from the books of thoughtful men. Mr. Senior's bent of mind is essentially reflective, and he does not stint his humor in these pages; yet so cleverly does he reason by particular facts, rather than general ideas, so rapid is the flow of anecdote and illustration, that the lightest dinner-table talk is often duller than the weightiest of his historical reflections. Take for example his suggestion of what may have been "the most important half-minute in history." The Convention has turned upon Robespierre. He and his companions are in arrest till, rescued by the commune, they are carried off in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville.

"By this time it was nearly eight. The Convention re-assembled, but it was only to communicate their alarms. 'A few,' says Thibaudeau, 'had gained courage by their success in the morning; others awaited the result in silence; the greater part were unable to comprehend what was going on. As it became dark the horror of our situation increased. We heard the noise of the drums and of the tocsin. A few members formed themselves into a committee to consider the course to be adopted, and others listened in the utmost anxiety to the reports brought back by those who had ventured to ascertain the state of things without. At length, about midnight, the crisis appeared to approach. Collot d'Herbois, the President, said in his sepulchral voice, "Representatives, the time is come for us to die at our posts; I am informed that Henriot's forces surround us." Instantly all the spectators fled from the galleries, the members who had been standing together in groups took their usual seats, and prepared to die with decency. As for myself, I had not the slightest doubt that our last moment was come."

"It was true that Henriot had led his men to the attack. His cannon even were pointed at their doors. But when he gave the word to fire, his artillerymen hesitated, and at last refused. Henriot, finding that his troops could not be depended on, thought it prudent to march them back to the Hôtel de Ville.

"It was thus that, on the caprice or irresolution of half a dozen men, the fate of the convention, and perhaps the future history of France, and even of Europe, depended. For if the cannon had fired, and Henriot's forces,

many of them the same men who three years before had stormed the Tuileries and destroyed the defenders, had rushed into the hall where the members were sitting, merely awaiting their fate without any plan of resistance, it seems probable that the greater part of the assembly would have been massacred on their seats; and certain that all who escaped would have been treated as they themselves treated their adversaries a few hours afterwards—would have been condemned and executed without trial. Robespierre would have been absolute master of Paris. Whether he would or would not have been able to summon another representative assembly, or, without one, to retain the provinces and the armies in subjection to Paris, is more questionable. But, on any supposition, the whole subsequent course of events would have been different: there would have been different scenes and different actors. Pichegru might have imitated Monk, and royalty have been restored by a native army in 1794, instead of by a foreign one in 1814; or Nantes and Lyons and Bordeaux and Toulon and La Ven-

dée, might have successfully risen against Paris, and France have split into hostile communities. Reform would have been delayed in Germany, and accelerated in Great Britain and Ireland. The half-minute during which it was undecided whether the artillery would fire or not, is the most important half-minute in history."

None who have read Feuerbach in his original detail can fail to admire the tact with which Mr. Senior marshals his facts, and concentrates all the essential details of some strange and interesting case into a narrative that enchains the attention while it is after all only the case in point that illustrates differences between Bavarian and British criminal procedure.

Upon each essay in the volume we are tempted to dwell, and from each we could enrich our columns with entertaining and suggestive extracts. But we must leave the book to its readers, who will need no guide to the enjoyment of its various contents.

LINES.—I send some lines which were found in the pocket-book of a young man who was drowned in an arm of the sea near Nelson, New Zealand, on Easter Monday last. An intimate friend says of him: "He was the nicest fellow I ever saw. He had been roughing it four or five years, and had had several very narrow escapes from drowning, though he was the best swimmer, as well as the best boatman, in the colony. He was popular with every one high and low, shrinking from no fatigue or hardship; yet a perfect gentleman in every respect." I have not seen the lines elsewhere; and they are fresh, and like what a man of strong feeling and poetic temperament, not accustomed to versification, would write after one of his escapes. Some of his friends will be glad to know whether the lines are original or not. If not known, I think them well worthy insertion.

Lines found in the Pocket of H. B., drowned Easter Monday, 1862, New Zealand.

"From the deep and troubled waters comes the cry:

Wild are the waves around me!—dark the sky.
There is no hand to snatch me from the sad death
I die.

"To one small plank that fails me, clinging low,
I am dashed by angry billows to and fro:
I hear death-anthems singing in all the winds
that blow.

"A cry of suffering gushes from my lips,
As I behold the distant white-sailed ships
O'er the dark waters glancing, where the horizon
dips.

"They pass: they are too lofty and remote:
They cannot see the spaces where I float.
The last hope dies within me, with the gasping
in my throat.

"Through dim cloud vistas looking, I can see
The new moon's crescent, sailing pallidly;
And one star coldly shining upon my misery.

"There are no sounds in nature but my moan—
The shriek of the wild petrel, all alone—
And roar of waves, exulting to make my flesh
their own.

"Billow with billow rages, tempest trod—
Strength fails me—coldness gathers on this clod—
From the deep and troubled waters I cry to thee,
O God!"

H. B. C.
—Notes and Queries.

CHIFFONNIER.—This word in French signifies a "rag-picker." How came it to be the designation of an article of drawing-room furniture?

E. F. WILLOUGHBY.

[The confusion commences in the French language, which derives the word, in both meanings, from Chiffon, a rag, any old bit of linen or cloth.

Chiffonnier, Chiffoniere, a man or woman that collects rags.

Chiffonnier, an article of furniture, properly with drawers, where ladies keep their odds and ends. Some learned Frenchmen think this latter word ought to have the feminine form, *Chiffonniere*, which is indeed the more usual of the two.]

—Notes and Queries.

From The Spectator.

EPIGRAMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

MR. BOOTH has adopted a somewhat narrow and technical idea of the epigram. "In our own day and our own language," he says, "an epigram is understood to mean a poem distinguished for its point, elegance, and brevity;" but the definition is surely imperfect. The word, as the compiler allows, originally meant an inscription, and in England its use is certainly not restricted to verse. No Englishman thinks of questioning that Voltaire uttered an epigram when he said the "Frenchman was a cross between an ape and a tiger—tiger predominating;" or Disraeli, when he wrote on the Duke of Newcastle, "the house of Pelham has been distinguished for the last century by an incapacity for statesmanship and a genius for jobbing;" or the Legitimists, when they voted for Proudhon, because "one must pass through the Red Sea to reach the promised land." Even Mr. Booth would scarcely deny that the man who said "all the Luttrells have curly teeth and straight hair" made an epigram, or that Macaulay's description of Atterbury's defence of the letters of Phalaris, as "the very best book ever written on the wrong side of a question, of both sides of which the writer was profoundly ignorant," belonged to the same class of composition. In English, too, we submit, the word carries with it, by usage, though not by nature, the idea that the sentence or verse shall bite, shall be branded, as it were, upon somebody or something, an idea admirably put in the verse Mr. Booth has used for a motto:—

"An epigram should be, if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,
A lively little thing!
Like wasp with taper body—bound
By lines—not many—neat and round,
All ending in a sting."

If "lines" be taken to include lines of prose, and "point" be held to include all varieties of effective meaning, that definition is good, though it is still too limited. An epigram may occur *within* a poem which, in itself, is not one; as, for example, these lines in Moore's terrible song on the Prince Regent's treatment of Sheridan.

"No, not for the wealth of all those that despise thee,
Though that would make Europe's whole opulence mine."

* *Epigrams, Ancient and Modern.* By Rev. J. Booth. Longman.

After all definitions there is still an instinct required to tell an epigram from a mere comic rhyme, but Mr. Booth scarcely adheres to his own idea over two pages of his collection. This, for example, is a retort related in rhyme, but in no conceivable sense an epigram:—

"John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
'An't please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I presume to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved, without thinking on asses."
—Goldsmith.

While this, though it comes within the range of his rule, will seem to a stricter taste rather a rhymed pun than an epigram:—

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the House should preach;
For sure enough, full bad enough
Were those he had to teach."

Compare that with Pope's—

"And moonstruck poets midnight vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give to others sleep;"

or the excellent epigram given by Carlyle, as written over the door of Bishop Pompignan, who translated the Lamentations, and the difference will be at once perceived. So, too, a verse like this of Swift's is no more an epigram in the true English sense than any other bad pun or silly jest—

"When twosome throats together squall,
It may be called a Mad-rigal;"

which is only a little better than this, cut, we suppose, from some Yankee paper:—

"A correspondent, something new
Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.
The editor his letter read,
And begged he might be X. Q. Z."

While, despite the excessive breadth of the subject, Moore's description of Mahomedans constitutes a true specimen.

"Men of the saintly murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think, through unbelievers' blood,
Lies the directest path to heaven."

Brevity is an absolute necessity, and consequently Swift's scorching verses upon Marlborough, incisive as they are, are rather a string of epigrams than a complete one.

"This world he cumbered long enough,
He burnt his candle to the snuff;

And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honors in his day;
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither and behold your fate!
Let pride be taught by this rebuke
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honors flung,
Turned to that dirt from whence he sprung."
—Dean Swift.

It is not sufficient that a verse to be embalmed in a collection like this should be an epigram, but it should also be a good one. Mr. Booth is catholic in his tastes; he translates Martial, and also quotes *Punch*; but his notion of catholicity seems to be to publish all the funny verses in his scrapbook without attention to quality. Many of them are wretched, and some are on subjects so local or so fleeting that they are almost unintelligible. The following are about as bad in all ways as it is possible for epigrams to be:—

"Two butchers thin,
Called *Bone* and *Skin*,
Would starve the town, or near it;
But, be it known
To *Skin* and *Bone*,
That *flesh* and *blood* wont bear it."

"Flam, to my face, is oft too kind,
He overrates both worth and talents;
But then he never fails, I find,
When we're apart—to strike the balance."

"I've lost the comfort of my life
Death came and took away my wife;
And now I don't know what to do,
Lest Death should come and take me too."

"'Tis said, O Cambria! thou hast tried in vain
To form great poets; and the cause is plain.
Ap-Jones, Ap-Jenkins, and Ap-Evans found
Among thy sons, but no Ap-ollo's found."

While this, which at the moment was excellent, now needs a gloss as long as itself:—

"Apollos was mighty in doctrine, we're told,
When doctrine was found, in the good days of
old:

But there's doctrine more *miley* in Shaftesbury's
sees,
For it's bred by corruption and comes from a
Cheese."—*Punch*.

There are too many of this kind, while many of the very best in the language are omitted; but we must do Mr. Booth the justice to extract two or three which are good:—

"Ward has no heart they say; but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

"Charles keeps a secret well, or I'm deceived:
For nothing Charles can say will be believed."

"Lie on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee."

"Vile Stanhope! demons blush to tell,
In twice two hundred places,
Has shown his son the road to hell,
Escorted by the Graces.

"But little did th' ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them;
For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneaked to hell without them."

"Borgia Cæsar erat, factis et nomine Cæsar;
Aut nihil, aut Cæsar, dixit, utrumque fuit."

"He preferred Hanover to England.
He preferred two hideous mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent wife.
He hated arts and despised literature;
But he liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.

And he had Walpole as a minister;
Consistent in his preference for every kind of corruption."
—W. M. Thackeray.

Mr. Booth should issue a new edition, as perfectly printed as this is, put in some five hundred of the best English epigrams, leave out all he has quoted from *Punch*, omit the "monumental epigrams," which are specimens, not of polish, but of funny ignorance, and take nothing which is not an epigram unless it be as good as this enigma upon the vowels:—

"We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within,
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you."—Swift.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S REPLY TO THE
WORKING MEN OF MANCHESTER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, Jan. 19.

To the Working Men of Manchester:—

I HAVE the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the address and resolutions which you sent to me on the eve of the new year.

When I came, on the 4th day of March, 1861, through a free and constitutional election, to preside in the Government of the United States, the country was found at the verge of civil war. Whatever might have been the cause, or whosoever the fault, one duty, paramount to all others, was before me namely, to maintain and preserve at once the Constitution and the integrity of the Federal Republic. A conscientious purpose to perform this duty is the key to all the measures of administration which have been, and to all which will hereafter be pursued. Under our frame of government, and my official oath, I could not depart from this purpose if I would. It is not always in the power of governments to enlarge or restrict the scope of moral results, which follow the policies that they may deem it necessary, for the public safety, from time to time to adopt.

I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people. But I have at the same time been aware that favor or disfavor of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging and prolonging the struggle with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has seemed to authorize a belief that the past action and influences of the United States were generally regarded as having been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. Circumstances, to some of which you kindly allude, induced me especially to expect that if justice and good faith should be practised by the United States, they would encounter no hostile influence on the part of Great Britain. It is now a pleasant duty to acknowledge the demonstration you have given of your desire that a spirit of peace and amity toward this country may prevail in the councils of your queen, who is respected and esteemed in your own country only more than she is by the kindred nation which has its home on this side of the Atlantic.

I know, and deeply deplore, the sufferings which the working men at Manchester, and

in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis. It has been often and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favor of Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens, the working men of Europe have been subjected to a severe trial, for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under these circumstances I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is indeed an energetic and re-inspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation: and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you they will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exist between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE
STARVING OPERATIVES IN ENGLAND.

THE English correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* says that immediately on the arrival of the ship at Liverpool with the supplies from this country, the Chamber of Commerce of that city immediately took appropriate steps to honor the occasion. Measures were adopted to hold a meeting of reception in St. George's Hall, at which the authorities and persons of distinction were to be present, and an address made to Captain Lunt, the commander of the ship. Annexed is the copy of the address:—

To the Commander of the ship George Griswold, as the representative of the American Contributors to the Relief of the Distress in the Cotton-manufacturing Districts:

Sir: Sixteen years ago, when our countrymen in Ireland were suffering the horrors of famine, your nation, then united and pros-

perous, sent across the Atlantic offerings of grain and provisions to alleviate their great distress. To-day, with your energies taxed to the utmost by the gigantic struggle through which you are passing, you have not ceased to be mindful of the misery which this sad contest is inflicting on fully half a million of our industrious workers, and you have a second time generously contributed of the abundance with which God has blessed you to help the necessities of those among us who, through no fault of their own, are reduced to a state of compulsory idleness and destitution.

We call to mind that out of the sufferings of that period there arose for us by the emancipation of our industry an unspeakable good—which has enriched our country—extended our commerce—banished not a few of our social discontents—and inaugurated a great moral revolution, the blessings of which have not been confined to ourselves, but are gradually working out in other countries the like beneficial results. May we not hope that the trial through which you and we are passing will be the precursor of equally great social ameliorations; and that out of the darkest hour of a nation's existence—that of bloodshed between members of the same family—there may issue for you some signal national deliverance, the benefits of which are to stretch beyond yourselves to the gain of our common humanity?

Our country accepts with gratitude this noble gift. We welcome to our port the bearers of this brotherly bounty—freely given, freely stowed, and freely freighted across the seas, by a commander who has given his free services to this benevolent work. Our government and the local authorities have shown their appreciation of the act by removing every impost on the free admission of the ship and her cargo. As representing the mercantile community of Liverpool, this Chamber of Commerce asks you to convey to the donors its sense of the liberal and friendly spirit in which your merchants and agriculturists have united to send forward to our distressed operatives so acceptable a message of good-will and sympathy. And in many a home darkened by the shadow of this terrible calamity the silent thanks and prayers of thousands, who are bearing their privations with a patience and a heroism beyond all praise, will be your best reward.

Addressing you on behalf of a community among whom, it is well known, great differences of opinion prevail as to the causes and objects of the contest now unhappily raging among you, it would be evidently unbecoming in us to put forward any statement that would create dissension and mar the general harmony of the occasion; but we think we are

warranted in saying that men of all shades of opinion would rejoice to see this war terminated in any way that would not be inconsistent with your honor as a people and with the great and responsible position which you occupy among the nations.

We shall recognize in the return of peace and prosperity among you the best securities for our own continued prosperity. We trust that nothing will arise to interrupt for a moment the friendly relations which have heretofore subsisted between us, and that no harsh judgment or misrepresentations of feelings and motives on either side will lead us to forget that we are kinsmen—sprung from a common stock, united by the bond of a common language, and fellow-laborers in the common cause of progress.

May the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family be found generous rivals in the arts of peace, and in efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind! And at no distant period may the sword be sheathed throughout your land, and the sound of strife be exchanged for the conquests of industry.

Signed on behalf of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce.

PROTEST AGAINST FOREIGN MEDIATION.

The following resolutions, reported to the Senate on Saturday last by Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which was referred the "message of the President of the United States, communicating, in answer to a resolution of the Senate, correspondence on the subject of mediation, arbitration, or other measures looking to the termination of the present rebellion," have passed both Houses of Congress:—

Whereas it appears from the diplomatic correspondence submitted to Congress that a proposition, friendly in form, looking to pacification through foreign mediation, has been made to the United States by the Emperor of the French, and promptly declined by the President; and whereas the idea of mediation or intervention in some shape may be regarded by foreign governments as practicable, and such governments, through this misunderstanding, may be led to proceedings tending to embarrass the friendly relations which now exist between them and the United States; and whereas, in order to remove for the future all chance of misunderstanding on this subject, and to secure for the United States the full enjoyment of that freedom from foreign interference which is one of the highest rights of independent States, it seems fit that

Congress should declare its convictions thereon: Therefore—

Resolved (the House of Representatives concurring), That while in times past the United States have sought and accepted the friendly mediation or arbitration of foreign powers for the pacific adjustment of international questions, where the United States were the party of the one part and some other sovereign power the party of the other part; and while they are not disposed to misconstrue the natural and humane desire of foreign powers to aid in arresting domestic troubles, which widening in their influence, have afflicted other countries, especially in view of the circumstance, deeply regretted by the American people, that the blow aimed by the rebellion at the national life has fallen heavily upon the laboring population of Europe; yet, notwithstanding these things, Congress cannot hesitate to regard every proposition of foreign interference in the present contest as so far unreasonable and inadmissible that its only explanation will be found in a misunderstanding of the true state of the question, and of the real character of the war in which the Republic is engaged.

Resolved, That the United States are now grappling with an unprovoked and wicked rebellion, which is seeking the destruction of the Republic, that it may build a new power, whose corner-stone, according to the confession of its chiefs, shall be slavery; that for the suppression of this rebellion, and thus to save the Republic and to prevent the establishment of such a power, the National Government is now employing armies and fleets in full faith that through these efforts all the purposes of conspirators and rebels will be crushed; that while engaged in this struggle, on which so much depends, any proposition from a foreign power, whatever form it may take, having for its object the arrest of these efforts, is, just in proportion to its influence, an encouragement to the rebellion, and to its declared principles, and, on this account, is calculated to prolong and embitter the conflict, to cause increased expenditure of blood and treasure, and to postpone the much-desired day of peace; that, with these convictions, and not doubting that every such proposition, although made with good intent, is injurious to the national interests, Congress will be obliged to look upon any further attempt in the same direction as an unfriendly act which it earnestly deprecates, to the end that nothing may occur abroad to strengthen the rebellion, or to weaken those

relations of good-will with foreign powers which the United States are happy to cultivate.

Resolved, That the rebellion, from its beginning, and far back even in the conspiracy which preceded its outbreak, was encouraged by the hope of support from foreign powers; that its chiefs frequently boasted that the people of Europe were so far dependent upon regular supplies of the great Southern staple that, sooner or later, their Government would be constrained to take side with the rebellion in some effective form, even to the extent of forcible intervention, if the milder form did not prevail; that the rebellion is now sustained by this hope, which every proposition of foreign interference quickens anew, and that, without this life-giving support, it must soon yield to the just and paternal authority of the National Government; that, considering these things which are aggravated by the motive of the resistance thus encouraged, the United States regret that foreign powers have not frankly told the chiefs of the rebellion that the work in which they are engaged is hateful, and that a new government, such as they seek to found, with slavery as its acknowledged corner-stone, and with no other declared object of separate existence, is so far shocking to civilization and the moral sense of mankind that it must not expect welcome or recognition in the Commonwealth of Nations.

Resolved, That the United States, confident in the justice of their cause, which is the cause, also, of good government and of human rights everywhere among men; anxious for the speedy restoration of peace, which shall secure tranquillity at home and remove all occasion of complaint abroad; and awaiting with well-assured trust the final suppression of the rebellion, through which all these things, rescued from present danger, will be secured forever, and the Republic, one and indivisible, triumphant over its enemies, will continue to stand an example to mankind, hereby announce, as their unalterable purpose, that the war will be vigorously prosecuted, according to the humane principles of Christian States, until the rebellion shall be suppressed; and they reverently invoke upon their cause the blessings of Almighty God.

Resolved, That the President be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions, through the Secretary of State, to the ministers of the United States in foreign countries, that the declaration and protest herein set forth may be communicated by them to the governments to which they are accredited.

SCENE IN THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

SPEECH OF A BRAVE OLD PATRIOT—HIS TERRIFIC PHILLIPIC AGAINST TRAITORS.

In the Illinois Senate lately the following speech was delivered. There have been more pretentious and labored efforts during the present war, but none that had in them more of true natural eloquence and fervent patriotism. We should like to have seen and heard the old man. The report is taken from a Western paper:—

"A great sensation was then caused by a speech delivered by Mr. Funk, one of the richest farmers of the State, a man who pays over \$3,000 per annum in taxes toward the support of the Government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions which were being introduced by the Democrats to kill time, and stave off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the State Government. He said:—

"MR. SPEAKER: I can sit in my seat no longer and see such boys' play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, or they are Secessionists and traitors at heart.

"I say that there are traitors and Secessionists at heart in this Senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here nightly, when their speakers get up in this hall and denounce the War and the Administration, prove it.

"I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible myself for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor, in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. [Tremendous applause from the galleries.] I am an old man of sixty-five. I came to Illinois a poor boy. I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay \$3,000 a year in taxes. I am willing to pay \$6,000, ay, \$12,000 [great cheering, the old gentleman bringing down his fist upon his desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the inkstand to bounce a half-dozen inches in the air], ay, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. [Tremendous cheers and applause, which the Speaker could not subdue.]

"MR. SPEAKER, you must please excuse me. I could not sit longer in my seat, and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels

for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. My heart, that bleeds for the widows and orphans at home, would not let me. Yes, these villains and traitors and Secessionists in this Senate [striking his clenched fists on the desk with a blow that made the house ring again] are killing my neighbors' boys, now fighting in the field. I dare to tell this to these traitors, to their faces, and that I am responsible for what I say to one or all of them. [Cheers.] Let them come on, right here. I am sixty-five years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country. [Mr. Funk stood near the lobby railing, his desk being one of the row immediately in front of it. A crowd, as he proceeded, collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence, if necessary. The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many an eye flash, and many a countenance grow radiant with the light of defiance.]

"These men sneered at Col. Mack, a day or two ago. He is a little man; but I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them, in place of Col. Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now, and at any time. [Cheers from the galleries.]

"MR. SPEAKER, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. They deserve them. They deserve hanging, I say [raising his voice and violently striking the desk]. The country would be better off to swing them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here, to their traitor faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them. For that reason, I would rejoice at it. [Tremendous cheering.]

"MR. SPEAKER, I beg pardon of the gentlemen in the Senate who are not traitors, but true, loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for Secessionists at heart. They are here, in this Senate. I see them joke and smirk and grin at a true Union man. But I defy them. I stand here ready for them and dare them to come on. [Great cheering.] What man with the heart of a patriot could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no more. [Cheers.] I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and Secessionists. Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men who disgrace this Legislature, this State, and this country. For myself, I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts.

I have voted against their measures. I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath. And I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or anywhere, and fight them to the death. [Prolonged cheers and shouts.]

"I said I paid \$3,000 a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty; yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege to do it. But some of the traitors here, who are working night and day to get their miserable little bills and claims through the Legislature, to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites, as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way who do not pay \$5 to support the Government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors. [Cheers.]

"The reason that they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want also to embarrass the Government and stop the war. They want to aid the Secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about taxes? They are picayune men, anyhow. They pay no taxes at all, and never did, and never hope to, unless they can manage to plunder the Government. [Cheers.] This is an excuse of traitors.

[Here the Speaker called for order in the galleries.]

"Mr. Speaker, excuse me. I feel for my country in this her hour of danger; I feel for her from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. This is the reason that I speak as I do. I cannot help it. I am bound to tell these men to their teeth what they are, and what the people, the true, loyal people, think of them. [Tremendous cheering. The Speak-

er rapped upon the desk in unison with the applause, apparently to stop it, but really to add to its volume, for I could see by his flushed cheek and flashing eye that his heart was with the brave and loyal old gentleman.]

"Mr. Speaker, I have said my say. I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made. And I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer, and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their selfish schemes to destroy the Union. They have my sentiments. Let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and, I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon. [Tumultuous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down after he had given the desk a parting whack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]

"I never witnessed so much excitement in my life in an assembly. Mr. Funk spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a conviction and truthfulness, with a fervor and passion that wrought up the galleries and even members on the floor, to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the stores that surround the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes he had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the Republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him. The Democrats said nothing, but evidently felt the castigation they were receiving most keenly, as might be seen from their blanched cheeks and restless and uneasy glances."

SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH AND CHRONICON.—In a treatise entitled, *A Discourse of Free Thinking*, London, 1713, without any name of author, [who was he? *] or publisher, it is said (p. 53):

"The Rabbis among the Samaritans, who now live at Sichem, in Palestine, receive the five books of Moses (the copy whereof is very different from ours) as their scripture; together with a Chronicon, or history of themselves from Moses's time, quite different from that contained in the historical books of the Old Testament. This Chronicon † is lodged in the Public Library of Leyden, and has never been published in print."

Is this still at Leyden? Has it been since published? Have this Pentateuch and this Chronicon, or either of them, been translated (faithfully)

[* Anthony Collins, an English controversialist and metaphysical writer.—Ed.]

† Relandi Disser., vol. ii. p. 16.

into any modern language, or into Latin? If so, where is the translation to be met with? F.

Is there any ground for supposing that what is called the Samaritan Pentateuch existed among the Ten Tribes before the Captivity?

—*Notes and Queries.*

MELETES.

THE INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY OF TWINS.—In the October number of the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, Dr. Simpson is reported to have made the following statement: "He (Dr. S.) was not aware of a single instance where a twin had distinguished himself intellectually." My own experience has not led me to believe that the intelligence of twins is below the average; but perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to supply me with a categorical contradiction of the learned professor's observation? M. D.

—*Notes and Queries.*

From The Economist, 14 Feb.

THE TONE OF THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

WE know of few political incidents more striking or more dangerous to the general welfare of Europe than the tone adopted by the French Ministry during the recent debates. Only a fortnight since the emperor, in a speech distinguished by more than his usual frankness, expressed his appreciation of English liberty, his hope that France would accept the bases on which a similar unrestricted freedom might with safety be conceded. The thinking classes of France, who can never quite lose the thought that the strange being who crushes them has purposes greater than his policy, exhibited strong emotion, not altogether so unreasonable as some cynics among us suppose. It is much when an autocrat acknowledges in words the advantage of liberty, for it proves that he comprehends and does not detest, its principles. The hopeless despot is the Elector of Hesse, too stupid to understand that freedom means anything beyond a certain annoyance to himself, or the priestly sovereign who believes that liberty, whether beneficial or not, is in itself immoral. The Parisian Press quite exulted in the repetition of the emperor's sentiments, and rolled the sentences under its tongue as if it enjoyed a rich flavor hitherto half forgotten. The Chambers, however, met, and in the very first days of debate all the hopes excited by the Chief of the State himself were roughly and forever dispelled. Never since 1848 have the emperor's agents exhibited their master's autocracy in so naked a form, thrown so feeble a veil over the system which is so loathed by all that France holds of renowned, or intelligent, or free. The tone of the ministerial speakers,—men be it remembered without portfolios, and, therefore, without the wearing harass of daily work,—was one which can be described only as political insolence. They not only defied the Opposition, which was their duty and their best policy, but they sneered at freedom, snubbed the principles of the new revolution, retracted their master's tacit promises, and even, whether at his bidding or not, made his foreign policy appear violently reactionary. M. Baroche, in words which seemed all the more offensive because he was once a fanatic Republican, declared that the language of M. Ollivier's amendment,—cutting but quite parliamentary,—was such as no

government could endure, almost the exact phrase used to convey the refusal of the King of Prussia to listen to his Chamber's address. He asserted that the Legislative Corps had a real control over the acts of the government; claimed for the executive the right of changing any electoral district every five years, i.e., just before each election; admitted that M. De Persigny had done so in *twenty-nine* departments; and, rising apparently with the debate, declared that the government would always appoint and support official candidates for the Chamber, that it would be a crime to surrender that essential power. "Was government in presence of combined factions, to fold its arms and leave everybody to work (*agir*) except itself?" When it is remembered that there are 500,000 employés in France, at least as many more hoping to be employés, and 400,000 soldiers, out of 8,000,000 electors, that almost every man is subject to a centralized official pressure, that all meetings are forbidden and all printers' licenses liable to administrative seizure, the cynical audacity of this assertion may be partially comprehended. It amounted to an admission that the Imperial Government did and would nominate their own Chamber of Deputies, and a subsequent sentence showed that they intended to exclude all who ventured "to join in the debate, directly or indirectly," upon the right of official candidatureships. And all these statements were published in the *Moniteur* in full, to men who a fortnight before had been assured that their emperor, whose servant thus menaced them, understood and delighted in "unrestricted freedom." Praising liberty, the emperor suffers the only form he admits, i.e., the partial right of free debate, to be poisoned at the root.

There was even worse than this to come. M. Ollivier had ventured to point to the English right of assemblage, and M. Baroche retorted that no such right "should be imported through the custom-houses of France." Twenty or thirty thousand persons meeting in France would not end their assemblage by a bout of fisticuffs as in England, but "with something much more serious." "That is a kind of liberty we will not have." Nor would the government have any other. "Unprovided with English weapons of resistance, was the French Government to expose itself (*exposions*) to absolute liberty? It would be an enormous danger, a danger to which nei-

ther government nor Chamber would consent to expose the country." Let it be remembered that these sentences are addressed to a people who deem themselves the first of civilized nations, who began the new career of the world in 1789, who even now are aware that every movement in France shakes Europe, and one may imagine the bitter wrath they have awakened in French society. They would drive Englishmen, always patient of words, into acts not exactly deserving the praise bestowed in the queen's speech on English security and order. They indicate a spirit perfectly new even under the empire,—a disposition not only to refuse freedom, but to condemn it,—a wish not only to repress liberalism, but to repress it as something evil,—a willingness not only to rule France, but to rule it as a great body at permanent war with its rulers. The attitude is not that of a despotism like, for instance, the Russian, but of that despotism ruling in Poland, and telling the Polish gentry, as the Czar recently did, "mind, gentlemen, no illusions."

The words were followed by acts which proved that M. Baroche had not in the heat of debate exceeded his instructions. While discussing the amendment about Mexico, M. Jules Favre, the unconquerable leader of the French Opposition of five, ventured to call attention to the facts of the Jecker bonds, the claims against Mexico held by a house of naturalized Frenchmen. It is too long a story to recapitulate, but it is certain that these bonds for four millions sterling, condemned by our Government and that of Spain as absurd, have passed into the hands of great personages about the French Court, and M. Favre boldly asserted that the war had been undertaken to realize their value. The insinuation is rash, it being much more probable that the buyers had previously heard the secret resolve of the emperor to send out an expedition, but it is believed in Paris, and required an open reply. M. Billaut gave none, merely affirming that the claims were perfectly genuine, and had nothing to do with the war; but the very same day peremptory orders were sent to the press not to discuss the point. So timid indeed was the government that the press was virtually suspended, being forbidden by a violent stretch of the law to publish any com-

ment at all on the debates, and reminded publicly in the *Moniteur* that the laws of public security, those terrible engines of despotism, were still in force. All *litterateurs* shrank back aghast, and for ten days a perfect reign of terror was established among the class, who began to believe that the government had finally made up its mind to reduce them to passive obedience. The excitement was excessive, so great that the emperor himself seems to have interfered, and on Tuesday the pressure was relaxed—except as to the Jecker bonds. The incident, however, lasted sufficiently long to convince France that if the emperor aspired to liberty, it was only as men aspire in day-dreams to things they know they shall never obtain.

We have said that this change of tone threatens the welfare of Europe, for the first condition of prosperity for the Continent is that France shall be quiet. We have never been among those who think it advisable to insult the Emperor of the French, or who believe that every petty disturbance among the *salons* threatens the continuance of his power. But still less have we been of those who believe that he can ever become a simple autocrat, can rely on mere force, reign by repression *alone*, or govern France as Russia was governed under the last bad reign. France is too civilized and too rich, her interests too multi-form and complex, her internal relations too delicately organized for that vulgar scheme of control. As well govern London by a coercion bill intended for Tipperary. The condition of the emperor's power is that he shall keep himself on the whole *en rapport* with the public will, with the silent but all-powerful wish of the mass of the French population; and in suffering his ministers to adopt this tone, to proscribe liberty instead of suspending it, to insult the Liberals instead of controlling them, and to attack his own *raison d'être* by declaring that universal suffrage needs official manipulation, he is getting out of *rapport*. If the alienation continues, the feverish restlessness of France, puzzled already by the priests and annoyed by the Mexican expedition, will perturb all the courts, and therefore all the exchanges, of Europe.

From The Spectator, 14 Feb.

THE LAST IMPERIAL PLAN.

It is difficult to exaggerate, not easy even to estimate, the importance of the Mexican expedition. "It is," said the emperor a few days since, "the great event of my reign," and if that event be great which involves the destinies of a continent and the fate of a dynasty, the emperor was right. The success of his plan will undoubtedly remodel all relations among the States of the American Continent, its failure will as undoubtedly give a dangerous shock to his throne. The rumors published in America of the defeat of the French, of a repulse from before Puebla, a retreat from Jalapa, a heavy loss arising from confusion when attacked in a fog, may be rumors merely. They are more probably exaggerations of isolated and not very important events, such as lend the interest of variety to every successful campaign. The French army, unless cowed by disease—and an epidemic cowed Frenchmen more than any European people—must be more than a match in the field for any Mexican force, and even a great disaster could always be retrieved. A martial nation of thirty-five millions, armed to the teeth, and governed by a cool, far-sighted brain, cannot be beaten in the field when once it has obtained a foothold, by one of six millions. We have no wish, therefore, to rely upon stories of petty disaster; but enough is passing at home to prove the magnitude of an attempt whose reflex action alone can disturb the whole course of political life. The Senate wisely abstained from discussing the expedition, for even that knot of pensioners could find nothing to say in its praise; but in the Corps Législatif there exists an opposition. M. Jules Favre attacked the transaction as freely as if he had stood in a British House of Commons, and exposed its colossal vastness in terms which sent a shudder through the assembly. The army, he said, had sixty-nine leagues to march only to arrive at Mexico, but nine hundred to catch Juarez. Mexico was a continent crowded with cities and provinces and means of a prolonged resistance. It had cost the United States, with their conterminous frontier, £20,000,000 and two years of campaigning only to force a peace, and France had to perform a greater task two thousand miles from her shores. He believed the occupation must be made permanent, and the army renewed by thirty

thousand men a year. He even dared to allude to the old Mexican scandal, the Jecker bonds, and hint that those bonds had been transferred to hands powerful enough to create a war in order that they might be realized. M. Billault, "Minister with a voice," was at a loss to reply, and took refuge in vague generalities. The flag of France should be respected throughout the world like the flag of Great Britain. Neither Jecker nor the archduke had anything to do with the matter. M. Billault did not venture to deny the vast extent of the enterprise, to speak of the speedy solution, or to fix the time when, her mission accomplished, France might retire with honor; indeed, he formally refused to answer those questions, and instead affirmed, in language of which those who understand France will clearly perceive the meaning, "Our maritime commerce, sure of protection, will multiply its undertakings, and our emigrants will carry with confidence to America their force and their activity. Let it not be said that I have escaped reality to pass into a world of dreams. Is it not a brave and a far-sighted enterprise to open to a part of our native population one of the important countries of the globe? In the New World territory lacks population . . . and we have already one hundred thousand Frenchmen dispersed among the Spanish American States." "Ships, colonies, and commerce," said the first Napoleon, and M. Billault humbly repeats the aspiration. M. Favre was left, of course, in a minority of five; but it soon appeared that the Government was seriously alarmed. The words of the orator had touched a nerve which is sore through all the limbs of France. The people detest an expedition of the true objects of which their ruler, with his usual love of *coups de théâtre*, has not attempted to make them informed. The *bourgeoisie* are annoyed at its cost, Liberals at its unscrupulousness, all politicians at the quiescence which it temporarily enforces on France, in matters, such as the Polish movement, of very much nearer concern. But, above all, the army dislikes the expedition; it is "a campaign with priests for friends and the black vomit for foe." There is no glory to be acquired, and no plunder, only a certainty, after months of exposure and fatigue, of filling an early grave. The excessive restrictions placed on despatches, on papers, and even on letters, create of themselves an impression of gloom, and the army

believes that Government, which, as they see, is always sending out reinforcements, purposely conceals the losses those reinforcements are to supply. To intensify all these feelings by free discussion seemed to the Government dangerous, for Frenchmen who tolerate official corruption so easily that they have invented the word *concussion*, despise it, nevertheless, with a scorn equal to that of England. To suppress Jules Favre would, after the emperor's formal concession of liberty to the members to discuss the address, have been a *coup d'état*, but what ministers could do they did. They privately prohibited all discussion upon the amendment, and publicly warned the press that the decrees passed as measures of public safety were still in force. The restrictions upon the press amounted for some days to suppression, and even now the journals dare not venture to discuss M. Favre's remarks. The Mexican expedition, vast in its object, its expenditure, and its prospective demands, is to go on in silence, till some fine morning France can be startled with the frank letter in which the emperor is to announce his success, reveal his plans, and claim the gratitude of the world. Meantime, all over France Government represents that Mexico will be the equivalent of India, that cotton, the want of which is now paralyzing three departments, will henceforward be an English monopoly, that it is essential to open up another source of supply, and that in Mexico soil and labor need only French energy and brains for the cultivation of the plant. All indicates what M. Billault foreshadows—the conversion of Mexico into a vast French colony, restraining the Anglo-Saxons, and dominating over the Isthmus.

More important, however, than even M. Billault's speech, is the letter addressed by the emperor to the Governor-General of Algeria, a letter the meaning of which seems to have escaped the French as well as the English press. Even Napoleon, with his rare resources, cannot settle the world at once, and the emigrant population has always been limited in France. To convert Mexico into a colony it must all be directed thither, and as the first step the emperor *abandons* the attempt continued for thirty years to colonize Algeria. The Arabs, hunted and dispossessed, are to be restored to their lands, to settle down, if possible, as cultivators. "To the natives are assigned the breeding of

horses and cattle, the natural cultivation of the soil; to the enterprise and intelligence of the European, the working of forests and mines, the introduction of improved modes of cultivation, the importation of those arts which always precede or accompany the progress of agriculture." Algeria is to be India instead of Australia, with Europeans as captains of labor, and not as simple laborers. No more Government colonists are to be sent, the Government "ceasing to direct colonization, and to lend a painful support to individuals attracted by gratuitous grants." Algeria is not to be "a colony, properly so called, but an Arab kingdom," and Napoleon "Emperor of the Arabs." All "useless regulations are to be suppressed, all transactions to enjoy the most complete liberty," and, in short, the emperor retires from the only conquest made by the house of Orleans. Of course, he preserves his theoretical dominance, and the actual control of the cities, forts, and coast; but the soil is returned to the Arabs; they are released from "useless" supervision, and the colonists with the boon of "liberty" receive also the permission to get along as they best can. It is as if England were to replace all native princes in India, retaining only her suzerainty and the great Presidency towns.

The measure is a most able one, and shows how profoundly the emperor has thought out his Mexican design. All that is worth having in Algeria is retained; but the new system will relieve the finances of at least a million a year, and throw all the colonizing power of France in a far more practical direction. Half a million of Frenchmen aiding one million of Spaniards to govern seven millions of half-castes and Indians *might* form a most powerful colony, capable, in their horror of slavery and under the shield of France, of resisting even the Southern States. They *might* grow cotton to an extent which would relieve France of foreign dependence, and draw from the natural wealth of the country, the undeveloped "diggings" of Sonora, and the half-developed mines of Potosi, the means of supporting a firm and stable government. Common honesty would raise the Mexican revenue up to eight millions a year, or at least as much as the South will, as a confederate power, have at its own disposal. Such a State, with such resources, seated on two oceans, and sheltered by a power no Eu-

ropean will attack, might make France as strong as England on the Pacific, a rival to America on the Western Atlantic. But to build up such a State is an enterprise which would tax the mightiest power on earth, an enterprise even greater than the conquest of India, and to be accomplished within the life of a man already fifty-five! It involves the complete subjugation of Mexico, that is, of an organized State rather larger than Europe within the Vistula, occupied partly by a race whose pride has made them brave, partly by a people so savage that the Mexicans call in the Anglo-Saxon hunters to hold them in partial check. It involves the creation of a new army which shall be brave, yet indifferent to subjugation; disciplined, yet obedient to enemies; cheap, and yet numerous enough

to occupy every post. We succeeded in forming, and then in destroying such an army; but Spanish half-castes are not Hindoos, nor are Frenchmen gifted with that strange pride which, by keeping Englishmen apart from all conquered races, makes them hated, but retains them in the position and invests them with the strength of a standing army. Frenchmen are not good colonists, and the task, therefore, to which Napoleon leads a half-unwilling people is to conquer a continent two thousand miles off, and then fill it with the one race in all Europe which never willingly quits its home. If he succeeds he will have changed the face, perhaps the fate, of the Western world; if he fails—well, failure, after all, will but cost earth a Napoleon.

ST. CECILIA, THE PATRONESS OF MUSIC.—Can any one of the readers of *Notes and Queries* inform me about what period St. Cecilia came to be regarded as the Patroness of Music?

The Very Rev. Dr. Husebeth, of Cossey, in his valuable *Life of Bishop Milner* (Duffy, London, 1862), refers to a note in one of the earlier publications of the Bishop, entitled, *An Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George*, in which his lordship states that,—

“Musicians have been very fortunate in the choice of their patroness, no less than painters have been in their mode of representing her, as in the only passage in her ancient acts, in which there is any mention of music, the Saint appears rather to have slighted than admired it: ‘Cantantibus organis, Cæcilia in corde suo decantabat; fiat, Domine, cor meum immaculatum ante,’ etc., etc.

On the other hand, Mrs. Jameson, in her *Sacred and Legendary Art* (vol. ii. p. 202, ed. London, 1848), quotes long passages from the Acts and Legends of the Saint, amongst which are the following words:—

“As she excelled in music, she turned her gifts to the glory of God, and composed hymns, which she sang herself with such ravishing sweetness, that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her,” etc.

Again,—

“She played on all instruments, but none sufficed to breathe forth that flood of harmony with which her whole soul was filled; therefore she invented the organ, consecrating it to the service of God.”

Sir John Hawkins, in his *General History of the Science and Practice of Music* (ed. London,

1858, vol. ii. p. 746), refers, in a long note, to the tradition connected with the saint,—

“That she excelled in music, and that this has been deemed sufficient authority for making her the patroness of music and musicians.”

It seems that in the ancient devotional representations of St. Cecilia, both in Rome and Florence, she was not painted with any musical attributes. Much curious and valuable information about the saint was published by Abbe Gueranger, in a work entitled *L'Histoire de Sainte Cecile* (Tournai, 1854). But not having the volume by me, I quite forget what the writer says respecting the “Acts” of the Saint, and how far they may be considered as authentic. I should be glad to see the subject discussed in *Notes and Queries*.

JOHN DALTON.

—*Notes and Queries*.

TELEGRAM.—Why should not this word be abbreviated into *telm*, quasi “tell them,” “tell ‘em,” or “tell him?” Were *telm* commonly used as an abbreviation, it would doubtless soon be adopted as a word, which Macaulay’s *New Zealander* may believe to be pure Anglo-Saxon.

—*Notes and Queries*.

G. O. W.

COLENZO.

THERE WAS A WISE BISHOP, Colenzo,
Who was bothered among the black men so,
That he thought such a pen as his
Might overset Genesis:
Still, Moses may outlive Colenzo.

—*Press*.

THE COLOR SERGEANT.

You say that in every battle
No soldier was braver than he,
As aloft in the roar and the rattle,
He carried the flag of the free :
I knew, ah ! I knew, he'd ne'er falter,
I could trust him, the dutiful boy.
My Robert was wilful—but Walter,
Dear Walter, was ever a joy.

And if he was true to his mother,
Do you think he his trust would betray,
And give up his place to another,
Or turn from the danger away ?
He knew while afar he was straying,
He felt in the thick of the fight,
That at home his poor mother was praying
For him, and the cause of the right !

Tell me, comrade, who saw him when dying,
What he said, what he did, if you can ;
On the field, in his agony lying,
Did he suffer and die like a man ?
Do you think he once wished he had never
Borne arms for the right and the true ?
Nay, he shouted Our Country forever !—
When he died he was praying for you !

O my darling, my youngest and fairest,
Whom I gathered so close to my breast ;
I called thee my dearest and rarest ;
And thou wert my purest and best !
I tell you, O friend, as a mother
Whose full heart is breaking to-day,
The Infinite Father—none other—
Can know what he's taken away !

I thank you once more for your kindness ;
For this lock of his auburn hair :
Perhaps 'tis the one I in blindness
Last touched, as we parted just there !
When he asked, through his tears, should he
linger

From duty ? I answered him, *Nay* :
And he smiled, as he placed on my finger
The ring I am wearing to-day.

I watched him leap into that meadow ;
There a child, he with others had played ;
I saw him pass slowly the shadow
Of th' trees, where his father was laid ;
And there where the road meets two others
Without turning he went on his way :
Once his face toward the foe—not his mother's,
Should unman him, or cause him delay.

It may be that some day your duty
Will carry you that way again ;
When the field shall be riper in beauty,
Enriched by the blood of the slain ;
Would you see if the grasses were growing
On the grave of my boy ? Will you see
If a flower, e'en the smallest, is blowing ;
And pluck it, and send it to me ?

Don't think, in my grief, I'm complaining ;
I gave him, God took him, 'tis right :
And the cry of his mother remaining,
Shall strengthen his comrades in fight.

Not for vengeance to-day in my weeping,
Goes my prayer to the infinite Throne.
God pity the foe when he's reaping
The harvest of what he has sown !

Tell his comrades these words of his mother :
All over the wide land to-day,
The Rachels who weep with each other,
Together in agony pray.
They know in their great tribulation,—
By the blood of their children outpoured,
We shall smite down the foes of the Nation,
In the terrible day of the Lord.

A. D. F. R.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

SLOWLY as sweetly, children's days are passed,
Their little lives discern not that they move,
The stream which bears them is to them so vast :
'Tis well ; for why should conscious change re-
prove
The calm of infant trustfulness ? or why
Should bliss and innocence make haste to fly ?

But youth, with his strong loves and ardent
dreams,
Stands in the tide, and beats its surf each way,
And in its bed builds up his glowing schemes
Which mock the fretted currents, cold and gray ;
'Tis well ; for what of man's may ever cope
With Time, save youthful energy and hope ?

But oh, how fast, when once our prime is gone,
When dreams have faded, and the pulse grows
cool,
Grave though they be, how fast the hours skim
on,
How Yule on May is drifted, May on Yule !
Time's River feels the Mother-Ocean near,
And presses on its course in solemn cheer.

This, too, is well ; for who would linger o'er
The hours which memory and which conscience
freight ?

No ! let them hurry to their end, and pour
In that deep Ocean all their lifelong weight !
There only can their evil be undone,
There only finished what was well begun.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

E. HINXMAN.

HOPE.

In Hope, a kynge doth goe to warre,
In Hope, a lover loves fülle longe,
In Hope, a merchant sailes from farre,
In Hope, good men do suffer wronge.
In Hope, a farmer sows his seede,
Thus Hope helps nations at their neede.
Then fail not, hearte, among the reste,
Whatever chance, Hope thou the beste.